DEC. 3,
1938

Liberty

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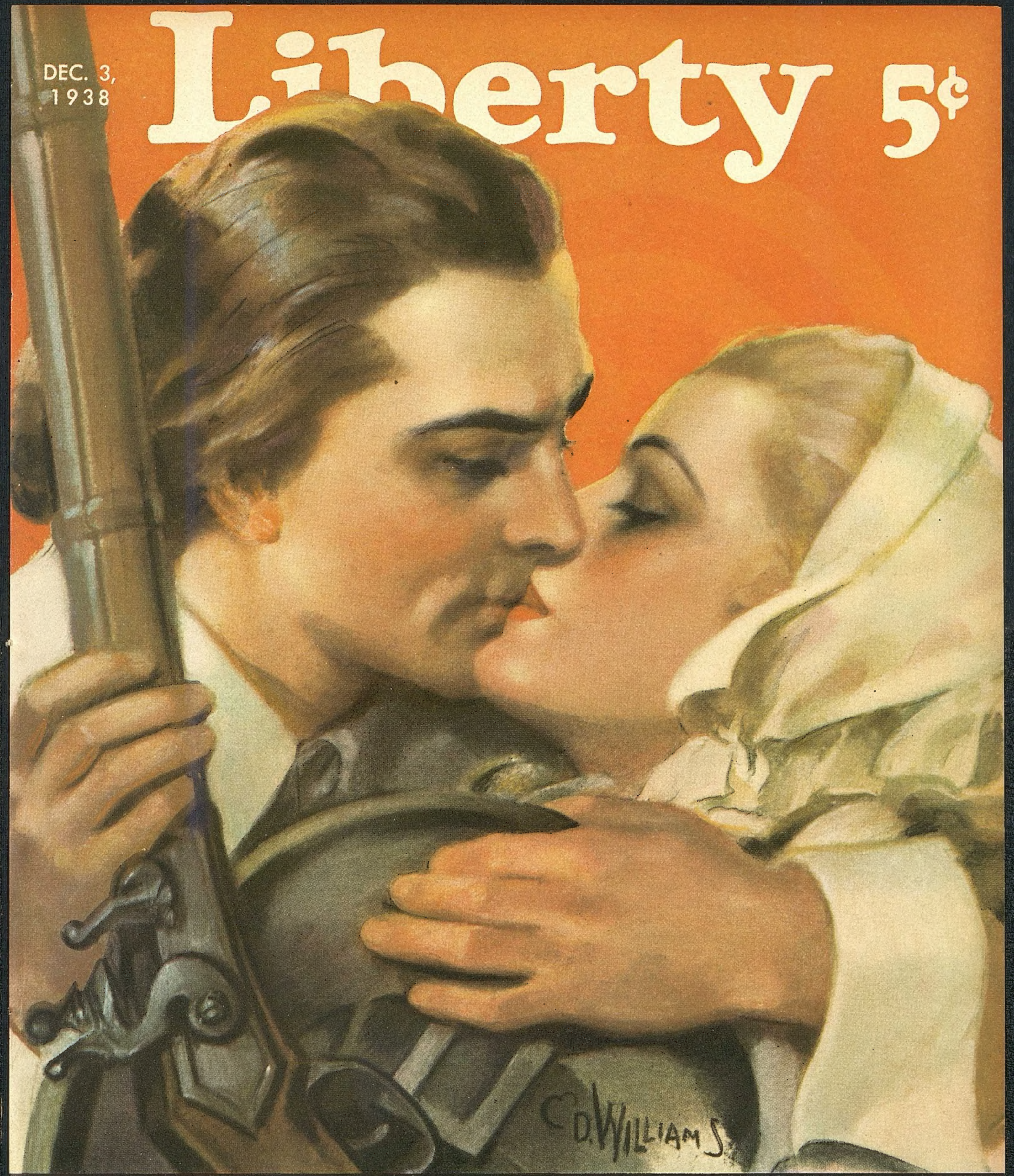
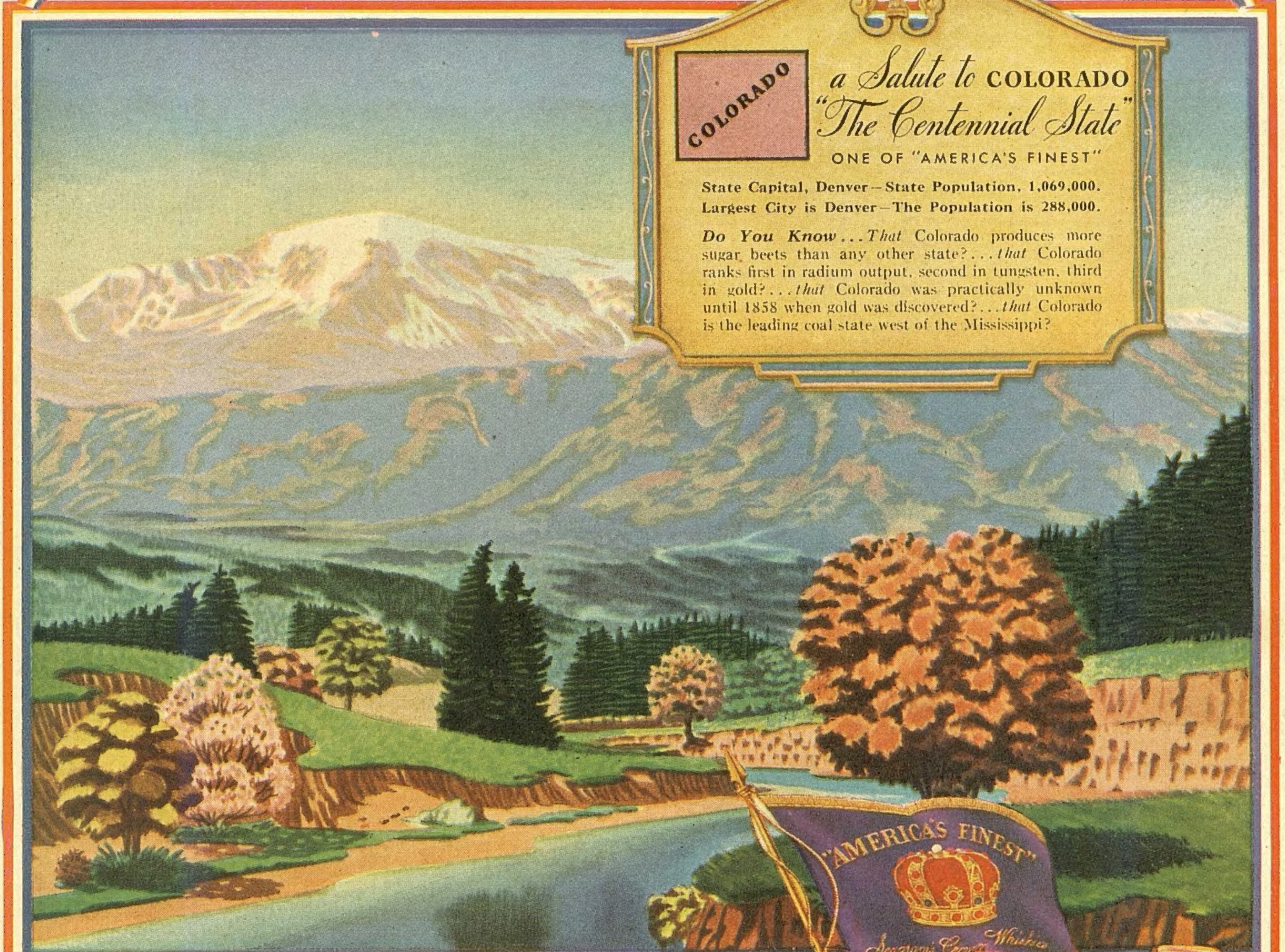


SPIES on Your Doorstep: THE FACTS ABOUT ESPIONAGE IN THE U.S.A.

ROCKABY BRADY—A Novel of Hearts and Fists by Edward Doherty

GRIDIRON SHOWMAN: THE STORY OF CLIPPER SMITH by RED SMITH

"AMERICA'S FINEST"


"AMERICA'S FINEST"
Seagram's Crown Whiskies

COLORADO

a Salute to COLORADO
"The Centennial State"
ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

State Capital, Denver—State Population, 1,069,000. Largest City is Denver—The Population is 288,000.

Do You Know... *That* Colorado produces more sugar beets than any other state?... *that* Colorado ranks first in radium output, second in tungsten, third in gold?... *that* Colorado was practically unknown until 1858 when gold was discovered?... *that* Colorado is the leading coal state west of the Mississippi?

Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

How Seagram's Master Blenders Created *"America's Finest"*

Hundreds of different blending combinations were tasted, studied and compared...before Seagram's master blenders finally chose the formula for Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown Whiskies.

The result of all this patient effort was two distinctive blends of entirely different character...Seagram's 7 Crown, for men who want a rich, hearty taste without "heaviness"—and Seagram's 5 Crown, for men who prefer a milder, lighter tasting whiskey.

Both of these light-bodied whiskies are the highest expression of Seagram craftsmanship . . . recognized and respected as "America's Finest". At better bars and package stores.

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

Seagram's
Seven Crown
7
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
Seagram's
Five Crown
5
Blended Whiskey

90 PROOF

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

Let good-looking Hair

contribute to your success and popularity

WELL-GROOMED, handsome hair—what an asset it can be to your appearance—and to your success! Socially or in business it can pay big dividends. And the easier way to healthier, better-looking hair is Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

To keep your hair looking its best, apply Vitalis to your scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the stimulating tingle as circulation quickens. You rout loose dandruff and help prevent excessive falling hair. Your scalp becomes free and flexible—your hair takes on a new richness and lustre. Then the natural oils of the scalp are supplemented by the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis, overcoming dryness. Your hair is easier to manage, stays handsomely in place, without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and start your "60-Second Workouts." You'll soon see why thousands of men give their hair this important daily care. For Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" steps-up the looks of your hair—keeps it lustrous, well-groomed—an aid to your success and popularity!

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

DECEMBER 3, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 49

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

PERFECT SOCIAL SECURITY—LIFE IMPRISONMENT

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Social security is a very interesting subject at this time. We would all like to be secure from the hardships of life.

An easy life without trouble or worry is attractive. When we have a job that is a continuous grind, we look forward with pleasure to an enjoyable vacation.

But even vacations become irksome and monotonous if continued too long. Active workers on the unemployment list will vouch for the truth of this statement. Interesting work is necessary to human salvation. Laziness, slothfulness, makes one torpid and unfeeling. Life is without interest for such people.

The present administration has manifested interest in the forgotten man, the downtrodden jobless victim of the present depression. And experiments of various kinds have been tested by the Washington government.

But it is well to remember that you cannot have security without paying the price. Any kind of social security, almost regardless of its nature, robs us of a certain amount of freedom.

And the last word in social security is a sentence to life imprisonment. Then you have plenty of security; but your freedom is limited to the prison yards.

Even unemployment insurance or old-age pensions limit free choice. We are compelled by law to pay for this insurance. We have no choice. It is compulsory.

A paternalistic government can make laws that would be helpful to some people but might cause great hardship to others. But every law, regardless of its nature, restricts our freedom to a certain extent. Yet the rule we are supposed to follow in this country is that every citizen has an unlimited degree of liberty but he must not encroach on similar privileges to others.

Moses, who laid down the Ten Commandments, had a fairly good idea of the moral restrictions that should be imposed upon a free people; and when a government begins a complicated procedure favoring one group against another group, at least care should be taken to be guided by the majority. In a democratic form of government the majority should rule.

In former years the inmates of poorhouses were not allowed to vote. This administration has turned the entire country into a vast settlement of poorhouses. And naturally, as long as they are allowed the privilege of suffrage, these charity victims will vote for the party that they consider to be the source of their support. Such a policy, however, if continued would soon lead to national bankruptcy.

Activity is the law of life in every phase of animal life, human and otherwise. Life is meaningless, objectless, and hopeless without activity. With nothing to do and nothing to look forward to, it presents a gloomy prospect.

A certain amount of hardship and suffering comes to all of us. We have our troubles, large and small. They cannot be avoided. And it is through surmounting such difficulties that we build character, broaden our understanding, acquire a sympathy for our fellow men. The school of hard knocks is the greatest of all educators. Nearly all our great men have been through the trials and tribulations associated with such experiences.

Let us have a limited amount of social security, at least unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. But we should be careful to avoid undue paternalism. Compulsion of any kind is obnoxious to a true American. Liberty, the torch of freedom, is indeed a glorious privilege. We should fight for it to the end of time.

And to sacrifice it for the mollycoddling of overmuch security represents a criminal conspiracy. Let us repeat that the last word in social security is a sentence to life imprisonment!

Bernarr Macfadden

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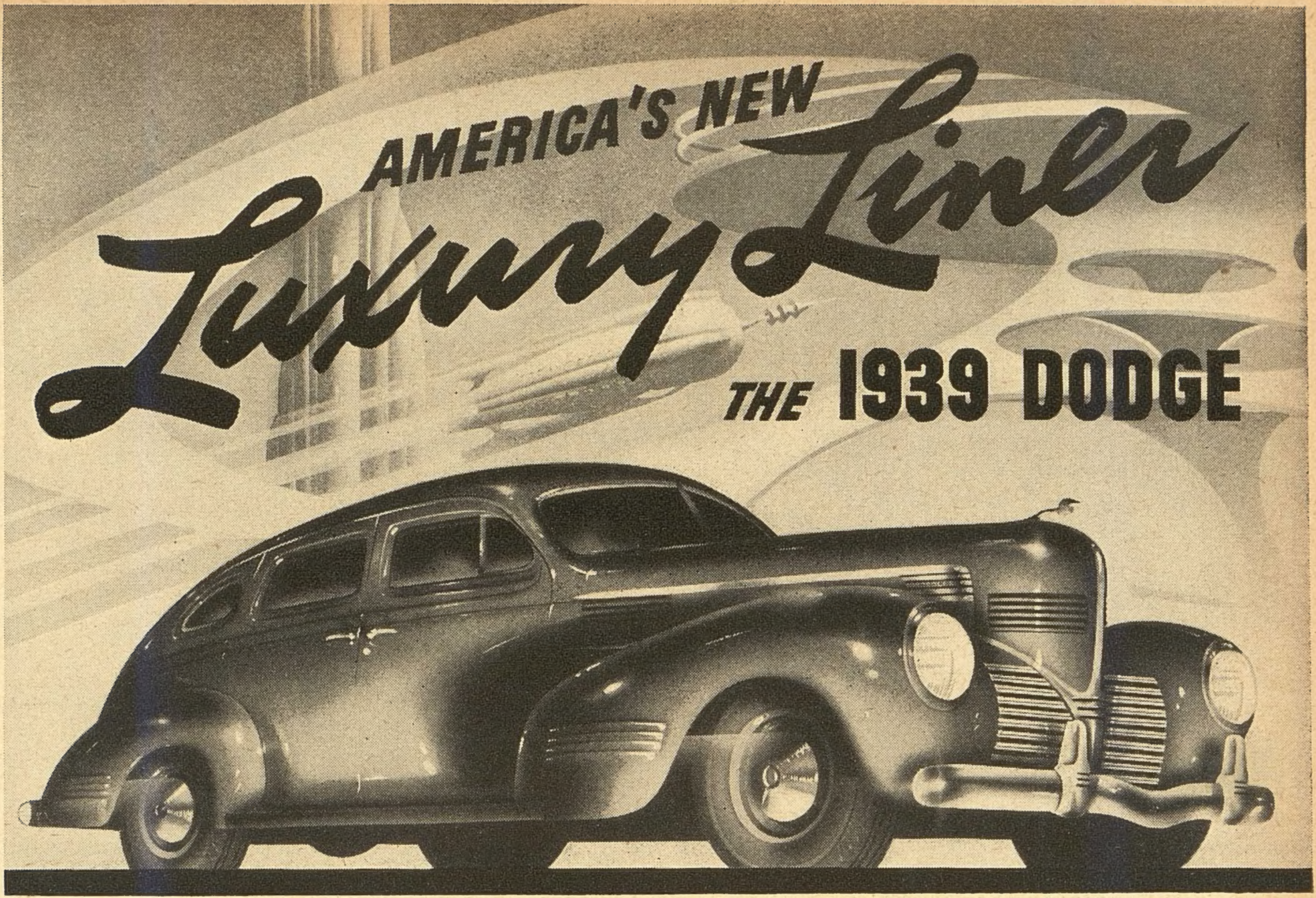


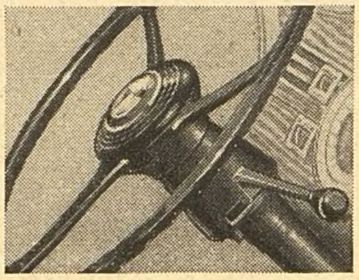
A Bigger, Finer Dodge at a Surprisingly Low Price!

PROUDLY Dodge presents the new Luxury Liner...the greatest car ever to bear the famous Dodge name! Sparkling in its new beauty of form and line, this new Dodge marks an outstanding achievement in motorcar history! As Dodge's Silver Anniversary Creation, this brilliantly conceived new car is a triumphant climax to a 25-year record of fine car building.

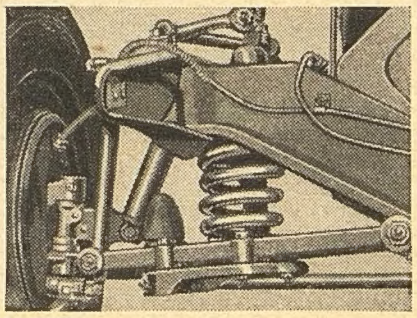
It's really a new kind of Dodge—new in design, new in beauty and new in styling! And under its flashing exterior are more new engineering ideas than you've ever seen in any new Dodge model! Don't wait! See this stunning new Dodge now! It's on display at your nearest Dodge dealer's!

13 INCHES WIDER APART—CLOSER TO ROAD
FOR SAFER NIGHT DRIVING

NEW headlamps mounted in front fenders for safer night driving! Thirteen inches wider apart and closer to the road, they more clearly define the limits of the car for the oncoming motorist—afford greater visibility, especially in rain, fog, snow and dust!



NEW easier way to shift gears—with a perfected handy control near the steering wheel! You shift in the same standard "H" pattern — nothing new to learn! Not an "attachment" but a sturdy, reliable, integral unit of the car—yours at no extra cost! Front floor is clear—plenty of room for three in front without "straddling" the shift lever!



NEW Individual-Action Front Wheel Springing, with spiral-type springs of new, tough Amola Steel, levels out the road—makes driving this Dodge a thrilling new experience!

27% more luggage space

NEW Styling of Rear Ensemble! Graceful, sloping lines, which flow from top of windshield back to tail-light in one smooth, *unbroken* contour, *completely conceal* the new-type Dodge luggage compartment which is actually *27% larger* than old "trunk style" compartment.

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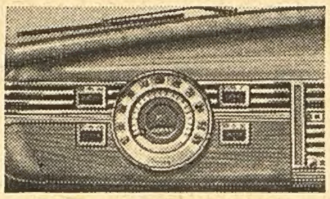


NEW "Safety Light" Speedometer carries a bead on the speed indicator which glows green up to 30 miles per hour; amber from 30 to 50; and red beyond 50—keeps you mindful of the speed you're traveling!

•

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

NEW Luxury Liner Interior—wider, roomier! Deep-cushioned, lounge-type, Chair-Height Seats ...gorgeous new upholstery...stunning new hardware...plus many more refinements that make this new Dodge every inch a "Luxury Liner!" Front compartment is clear—easy to get into and out of from *both* sides of car!

NEW Dodge Floating Power L-Head Engine—"Dynamite in Kid Gloves!" Big, powerful, dependable—and what a money-saver!

NEW Dependenamel finish. It's baked on the metal surface and retains its original enamel lustre without dulling! Resists checking, chipping and flaking!

NEW Positive Steering Control...easy, effortless... yet is so *positive* in its action that it gives you an entirely new feeling of steering *sureness* the instant you take the wheel!

THE NEW 1939 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

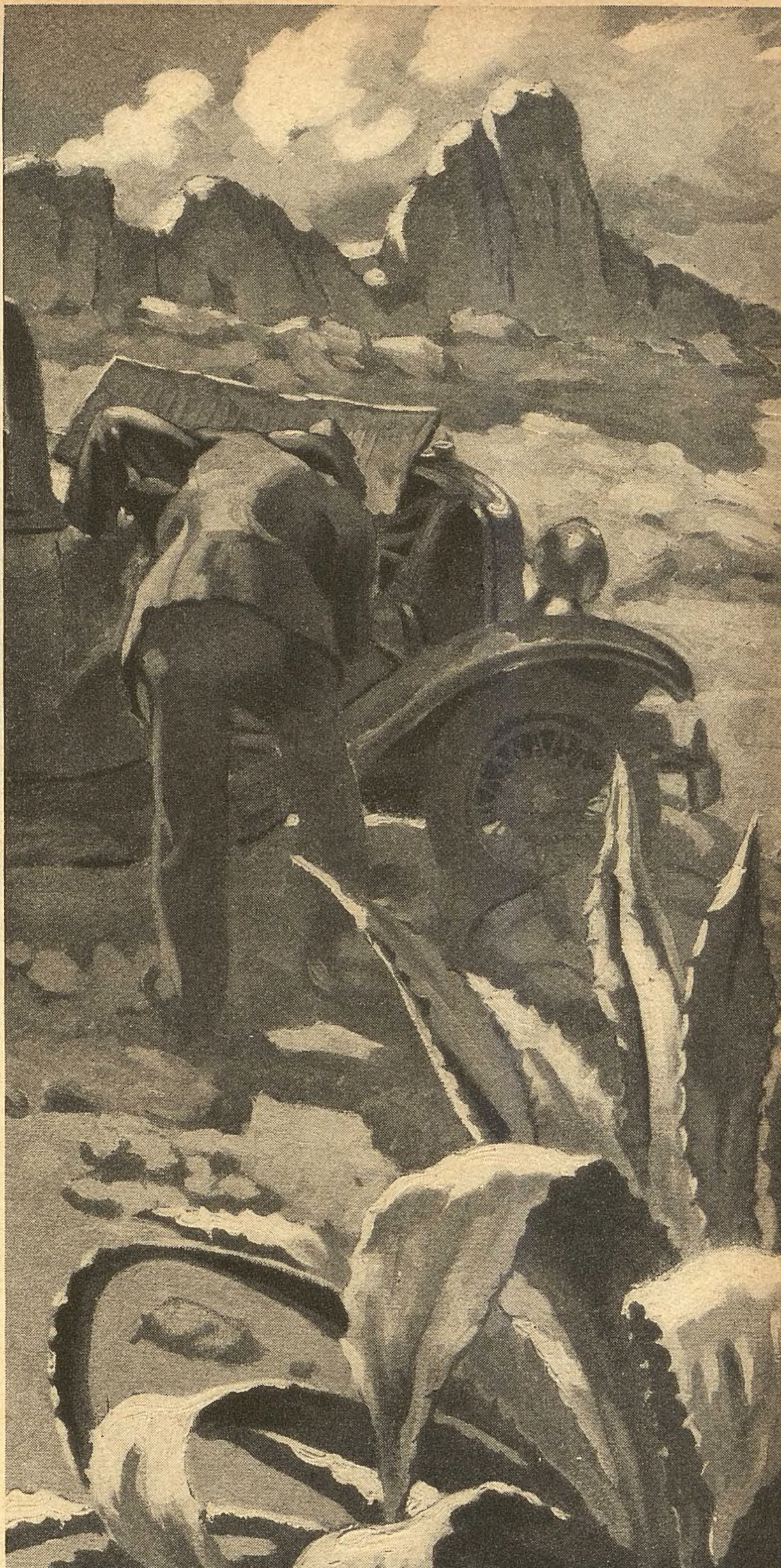
Beginning

ROCKABY BRADY

Here comes a treat! A buoyant novel of hearts and fists—and a strange, surprising adventure

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FISK

PART ONE—ENTER THE BRAT

THE car was stalled by the side of the road, and one of the two guys had a gun in his mitt.

As soon as we got a load of that, we slowed down.

"Ix-nay," Mush said. "Flop and take a count."

"Come on," I said. "He won't hurt you."

"A gun ain't a marshmallow," Mush protested. "Besides, my feet hurt. Let's take a short cut."

"Over the mountain?" I said.

"No," he says. "Not over no mountain, Rocky. I'm coming."

Mush was like that. He might grouse a little sometimes, but he always done what I told him. A nice little guy. Only you had to know him. Most people thought he was just a slap-happy stumble-bum, a guy walking on his heels from too many fights. He'd look at you like a kid sometimes, with nothing in them washed-out blue peepers but wonder. Other times he was way ahead of you.

The car looked white at first, then a dirty yellow. We was right on top of it before we seen it was black, covered with dust and sand. An old rattletrap that was probably doing its stuff when John L. Sullivan was a boy.

But there wasn't no dust on the gun. And the guy held it like it was part of his hand. A middle-sized guy that needed a shave bad. His whiskers were red, like his hair. He had a checker cap pulled low over his eyes, and his coat collar was turned up to hide the lower half of his puss. His coat was checkered too. And he had on blue overalls and these high lace boots like a lot of guys wear out West.

He don't move or nothing; just waits until we're close up to him. Holding the gun on us all the time.

The other guy is fixing the car. The hood's up and he's bending over. He ain't interested in us. He don't turn around even when we breeze up.

"Raise 'em," the guy with the rod speaks up. He's just bored. That's all. He don't care whether he drills us or not. It's all one to him.

We raised 'em. We raised 'em high.

He looked us over for a minute or two.

"Trouble, Hank?" says the guy at the gadget.

"Naw," Hank answers. Then he looks at me again. "Couple of bums, huh? Where you heading?"

"Santa Martina," I said.

"Where you coming from?" the guy wants to know.

"Rosario," I says.

"Well, you're in tough luck, bums. What's your names? I might drop a post card to the papers, telling 'em where you're buried."

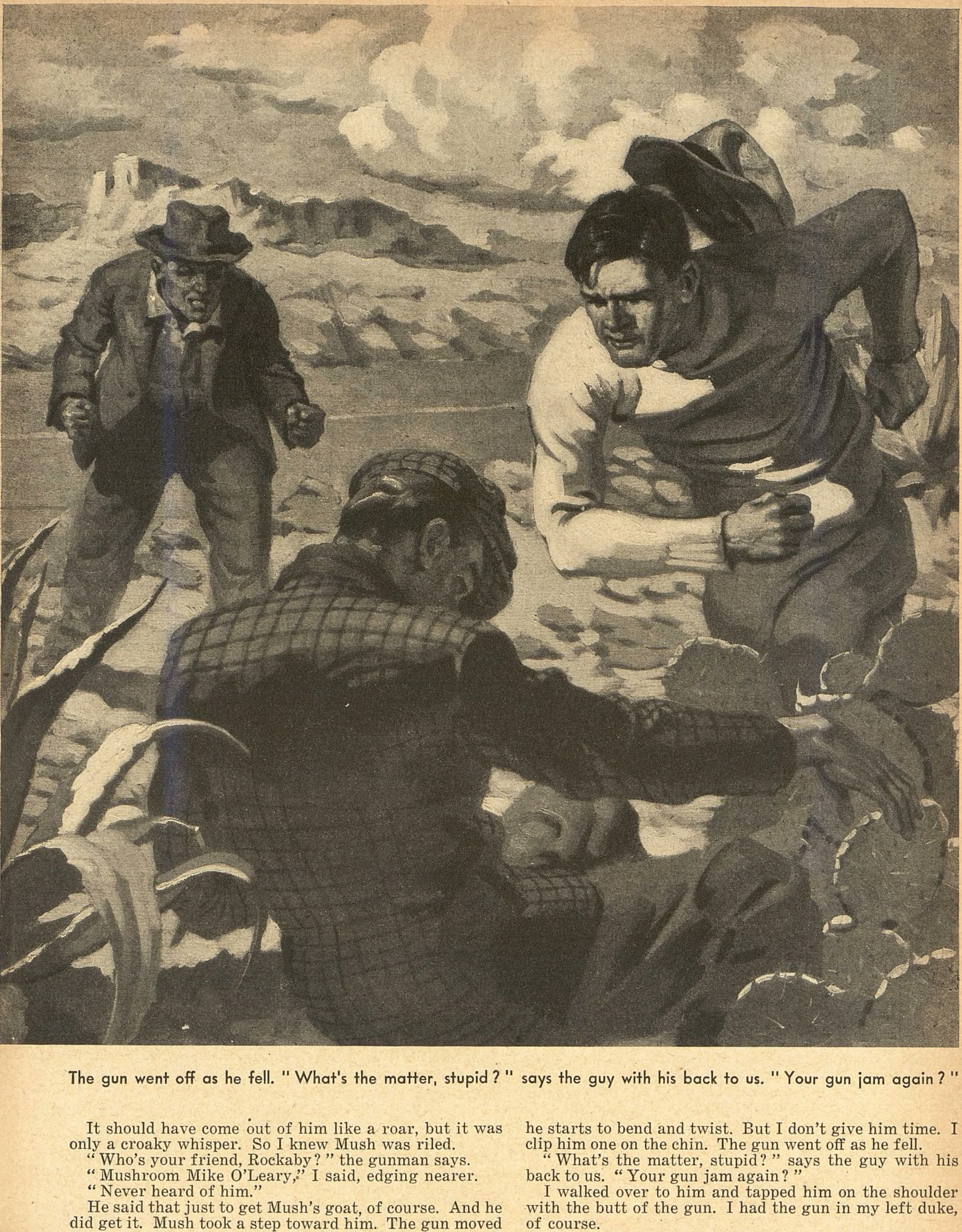
He was having fun with us but he wasn't fooling.

"Me," I said, "I'm Rockaby Brady."

"The fighter? I seen you fight. You was good until you lost your punch."

Mush pipes up.

"St. Michael, St. Patrick, and Jack Dempsey!" he says. "Rocky never lost his punch. The nerve of you! Throw down that gat and I'll beat you with my own two fists."



The gun went off as he fell. " What's the matter, stupid ? " says the guy with his back to us. " Your gun jam again ? "

It should have come out of him like a roar, but it was only a croaky whisper. So I knew Mush was riled.

" Who's your friend, Rockaby ? " the gunman says.

" Mushroom Mike O'Leary," I said, edging nearer.

" Never heard of him."

He said that just to get Mush's goat, of course. And he did get it. Mush took a step toward him. The gun moved an inch or so away from me, in Mush's direction, and I seen my chance. I was close enough to bring up my knee. And I brought it up. Quick and hard.

The guy looked like he had been struck by lightning, and he starts to bend and twist. But I don't give him time. I clip him one on the chin. The gun went off as he fell.

" What's the matter, stupid ? " says the guy with his back to us. " Your gun jam again ? "

I walked over to him and tapped him on the shoulder with the butt of the gun. I had the gun in my left duke, of course.

" Mister," I said, " could I ask you something ? "

He turned around like I'd insulted his wife and his whole family, and I clipped him with my right.

" You think I've lost my punch ? " I asked him.

But he didn't do nothing but lay there, his head on the running board of the car.

I heard a noise in the back seat somewhere, so I opened the door and looked in. Something was squirming around under a blanket. I picked up the blanket and saw a girl, a kid of about eleven or twelve maybe.

"Come on," I said. "Get out."

Then I seen she was gagged and her hands and feet were tied. So I lifted her up and set her down on the sand.

"See if one of them guys has a knife on him," I says. "And give them a kick in the jaw, just in case I did lose my punch."

"They're out cold," Mush says. I got it. He didn't want to kick nobody when they were down.

"Where do you think you're at?" I said. "Madison Square Garden? These guys got it coming."

I went over and kicked the guy nearest the car.

"You'll kill him, Rocky," Mush says. And he starts to pray.

"I hope so," I said, and walked over to the other guy. He was laying comfy on his face, so I turned him over with my foot and made a place kick.

That guy had a knife on him, and I cut the ropes on the kid's hands and feet, and took the gag out of her mouth.

SHE was a skinny little devil, freckle-faced, black-haired, eyes kind of brown, and dirt from head to foot. Her dress looked like it came out of the ragbag.

"You know something, Rocky?" Mush said. "That's the Clavering kid."

"Naw," I said. "That homely little mug?"

The kid was crying, and she was trying to say something, but she couldn't. Nothing that made sense.

I had to laugh. To think a kid like that could be mistaken for the Clavering kid, the movie star!

"You ought to hear her sing and dance," Mush said. "She gets three grand a week. And, holy murder, ain't there a fifty-grand reward for her? What'll we do with it, Rocky?"

"Save it for your old age," I said. "But this ain't the Clavering kid. The Clavering kid's pretty. I seen her once. Who'd give fifty grand for the likes of that?"

"Maybe it's just that you don't like dames," Mush said, scratching his chin like he was puzzled about something.

"That ain't got nothing to do with it. This ain't the Clavering kid."

"No," the girl said, as soon as she got her voice. "I'm not the Clavering kid—whoever she is."

"Who are you?" I asked her.

"I won't tell you, you brute!" she said.

"Saints alive!" Mush whispered. "Rocky saved your life. Wasn't you kidnaped?"

"No," she told him. "That's my father and my uncle. They're bad men. Robbers. They were going into Santa Martina on a job. They tied me up because they were afraid I'd tell. But that's no reason why a big hulk of a man should jump on them when they're down. Is it?"

Her eyes got so big you could hang them up and use them for lanterns.

"Why, you dirty little brat," I said, "you're lucky I didn't kill them!"

"I hate you!" she said, wiping away her tears with the back of a dirty fist. "You're just as bad as they are. Did you shoot them too?"

She was looking at the gun. I'd stuck it in my belt while I was cutting her loose.

"No," Mush soothed her. "He give one guy the knee, then he clipped him and took his gun away. After that he clipped the other fellow, handsome as you please. Stop crying now, there's a decent little girl, and tell us who you be and where you live."

"Oh, you'd lie for him," she said, whirling on poor Mush. "You're probably just as bad as he is."

"Come on, Mush," I said. "Let the brat stay here and starve. She's probably just as bad as her uncle and her old man. Let's get out of here."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush said. He got up, and we started on. But the brat came running after us, madder than ever.

"It's like you!" she said. "It's no more than I expected. Running off and leaving a sick little girl alone in the desert. You brutes! You cowards!"

"Listen," I said to her. "I got enough sass out of you, you skinny ill-mannered brat. Come clean with us now. Who are you? And why did they tie you up? And don't lie or we *will* run away and leave you here—and there's wolves in the desert, and snakes."

"Two-legged snakes!" she said, blazing. But she saw I meant business, so she hung her head and came clean.

"I'm Virginia Sutton," she said.

"And who are these guys?"

"I told you."

"You're lying."

"Look, Rocky," Mush piped up. "She's thin with hunger, and it's all the poor lass can do to stand up. And shaking with the thirst in the heat."

"Shaking with fury, you mean, the little devil!"

I was shaking with fury myself.

"Which one's your old man?" I asked her.

"That one," she said, pointing at the first guy I hit. "The one you shot in the back."

"Another crack like that," I said, "and I'll bend you over my knee and tan your bottom."

"Do it!" she said. "Do it! I'll bet you can beat up a little girl, even if you can't whip a man."

"Arrah," Mush spoke up, "don't be plaguing him, child, and him with the black anger eating into him. There's things he's suffering you don't know about. And he's Rockaby Brady that almost was a champion, and would have been if it wasn't for the crookedest, rottenest, blackest, pop-hatingest referee that ever was. That's who he is, lassie, Rockaby Brady. And he sung both them two gunmen to sleep with a clip apiece."

"Rockaby Brady," the girl said, giving me the evil eye. "The prizefighter who beat up his sweetheart? I've read about him. And who are you?"

"Me? I'm Mushroom Mike O'Leary, Rockaby's sparring partner and trainer. And about his sweetheart—"

"Mushroom Mike," the girl said. "Why do they call you that? On account of your ears?"

Mush grinned.

"Sure now," he said, "those are cauliflowers, lassie. They call me Mushroom because I come from Kennett, Pennsylvania."

She didn't get that. But she laughed.

"They call me Virginia," she said, "because I come from Seattle."

MUSH laughed then, too—and he laughed maybe once in every fifty years.

"Didn't you know Kennett, Pennsylvania, is the mushroom center of the whole world?" he said.

"What's it like?" she said, and begun to walk along with Mush.

"Oh," Mush said, "it's a grand town, with a chain store in it, and a filling station, and a five-and-ten-cent store, and—"

"You're thinking of Carthage, Missouri, ain't you?" she says.

"That's what you get," I said to him, "for being civil to the little brat. Knocking your home town! Let her stay back there with Papa and Uncle Coo Coo!"

"Oh!" the brat yells, like she's just remembered something. "Oh, wait here, please. I've got to go back there. Please wait. Please!"

And with that, off she runs, not quite steady on her pins but fast enough, straight back to the car. She ducked into it and came out with a doll—one of those Hilda Clavering dolls you see in the store windows.

"Mush," I said, "what are we going to do with her?"

"Feed her first," Mush said. "After that—"

"Feed her?" I said. "On my dough? On my hundred bucks? You know what that jack is for!"

Mush didn't say anything. He just took off his shoe, fished around in the inside, ripped something loose, and brought out a twenty-dollar bill.

"Holding out on me!" I said.

"No, Rocky," he said. "Honest. I had it a long time."

He gave it to me. It smelled funny, like it had once been buried somewhere and dug up again.

By this time the brat was in hearing distance.

"All right," I said, "put on your shoe and let's go." I stuck the twenty in my pocket.

Santa Martina was only three or four miles away, but we had to go slow on account of the brat. And we hadn't gone a mile until she caught hold of Mush's coat sleeve.

"Carry me," she said. "I can't walk any further."

"Sure, lassie," Mush said, and picked her up.

I stood it as long as I could. And when I couldn't stand it any more, I called a halt.

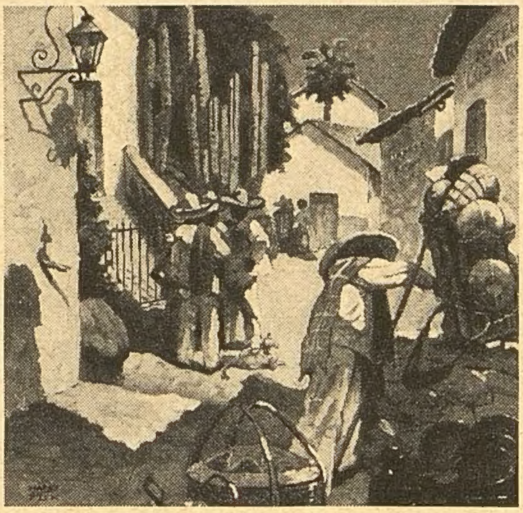
"Sit down and rest, Mush," I said. "You're an old coot now. You ain't strong like you used to be. You're over forty. Give yourself a break."

"If you feel so sorry for your friend," the little spitfire said, "why don't *you* carry me? You ain't anywhere near forty yet. You're as strong as you are ugly."

"Button your lip," I said.

Yet, before we staggered into the town, there she was in my arms. I didn't like it, but Mush was played out.

Santa Martina is one of those towns on the border. Half in the United States, half in Mexico. Brick and wood and stone houses on one side of the line, stone and dobe and wood on the other side. Nothing for miles around but sand and cactus and mountains and gulches, and trails or roads leading nowhere. Band concerts every night on the Mexican side, and cockfights, and tamales, and pulque peddlers, and phonographs playing in every little shack you pass, and kids and dogs playing out in the sun and the dust. Fights on the American side every night, and damp cool saloons, and radios all over, and everybody keeping to the shadows during the day. And heat waves sizzling over all the roofs.



And cops? Ordinary cops, customs men, treasury men, border guards, G-men, and two kinds of soldiers—polite, and Yankee.

A couple of flatfeet in uniform were standing under a wooden awning at the edge of town as we came in. Mush saw them first.

"Ops-kay," he says.

Any judge would take one squint at him and say, "Guilty. Twenty years." I guess I looked the same way too. Maybe I killed those guys, I thought. Maybe the cops already knew about it. Maybe they were looking for me.

Sure enough, the cops come toward us, and there's plenty of trouble in their eyes.

"Halt," one of them says.

Man, was I glad I'd thrown away that gat!

We halted, and I put the girl down. The first cop looked her over.

"You're Hilda Clavering, ain't you?" the cop says.

The brat looks at him like she don't savvy nothing.

"Yes," she says, and holds up her doll. "It's Hilda Clavering. Ain't she pretty?"

"You, I mean," the cop says, squatting down to get a better look. "Aren't you the little girl who was kidnaped? The little Hollywood star?"

The brat looks actually scared. And then she grabs my hand and looks up at me. "Papa!" she says. She puckers her face up like she's going to cry.

Me, I'm dizzy. The dirty little monkey, I thought. Calling me her father. Then I seen she didn't mean no harm. And it was an out for all of us. We wouldn't have to explain about them two mugs lying out in the desert sun.

"Shut up," I said to her. "Cops won't eat little girls. What do you want?" I said to the cop.

"Oh," he said, "a fresh guy! This your kid?"

"These two look like the men seen with the Clavering kid, Jerry," the other cop says. "Tough-looking guys."

"Bah," the first cop says. "A couple of bums."

That was too much for Mushroom Mike O'Leary.

"Bums," he says. "Don't you call us bums. This is Rockaby Brady. And I'm—"

The first cop laughs. But he didn't see no joke.

"All right, bums," he said. "We're going to throw you in the can and mug you. Take your prints. Move."

"Don't you dare," the brat screamed, forgetting her dumb-bunny act, "you red-faced Cossacks!"

We moved, Mush and me keeping our traps shut, the brat getting noisier and noisier as we neared the calaboose. I didn't know a kid of that age knew so many words—so many nasty words. I don't mean dirty. Just nasty. The kind that get under a guy's skin. And she was just getting started when the cops shoved us in before the captain's desk.

The captain listened for a minute, then turned to the two cops.

"Throw these palookas in the cooler," he said, "and maybe the child will quiet down."

Then another funny thing happens. The brat throws her arms around me and cries like her heart is breaking. Cries? I should have said she screamed.

"Don't take my daddy away!" she screams. "Don't part us! Throw me in the cooler with him."

One of the cops tries to take her off me. I clipped him. I couldn't help it. He went down all of a sudden. He didn't even have time to look surprised. The other cop took out a sap stick, but he didn't have a chance to use it. Mushroom clipped him.

The captain just sat there looking—well—perplexed. Then he grinned

"I guess you're who you say you are," he said. "I never seen nothing prettier in all my born days. But you shouldn't go around slugging cops. Especially in a police station."

"But if it was your little girl and those two brutes were hurting her, pawing her with their noisome hands"—yeh, noisome hands; I still don't know what it means but the captain did—"what would you do?"

The captain grinned at her.

"I'd clip them too, if I was able," he said. "But I'll have to hold your daddy and your uncle downstairs for investigation—seeing they were brought in by officers of the peace."

"Officers of the peace!" says the brat.

"And you can stay with your daddy, if you insist."

"I do insist," she said, and threw herself into my arms again, saying "Daddy, daddy!" in a way that like to broke the captain's heart. He didn't know the little devil was digging her finger nails into my skin and kicking me in the shins.

The captain took us downstairs and locked us in his nicest cell. The three of us.

We hadn't been there very long when the two cops came down to look us over.

"Which one of you guys clipped me?" one of them says.

I looked at Mush. Mush looked at me.

"He don't know," the brat laughed. "Amnesia!"

"Shut up, you red-faced baboon," the other cop said to his partner. "I'll do the talking here."

"Why, you yellow-livered petty grafter!" the first cop comes back at him. "When you learn how to talk English, maybe I'll let you open your yawp. But until you do, you'd better conceal your dismal ignorance."

The odd part about it is these cops are talking to each other without moving their lips.

Bang! One cop lands on the other cop's chin. Uuuh! The second cop sinks his right into the first cop's tummy.

While the cops are fighting I see a guy in the cell across from ours reach out through the bars and flick his belt buckle against the seat of one cop's pants. And then a dog barks. The cops let go of each other, look all around, and don't see no dog.

"Did you hear a dog barking?" one says. He's feeling around where the belt buckle nipped him.

"Drunk again," the other cop says, again not moving a muscle in his face.

Then I see this guy in the opposite cell coil his belt around the nearest cop's leg and I hear a rattlesnake doing its stuff.

Scared? Both them cops turned white. Then the guy in the cell jerks his belt away quick, and the snake rattles again. Both cops make the steps in two jumps. And the steps were twenty feet away.

Laugh? I like to died.

"Oh, that was funny," the brat said.

"Thanks," said the guy across the way. "I'm Philip St. Albans, ventriloquist."

"Most of the cops in this town are on the square, really decent fellows," St. Albans said. "But these two—they're bad men. A disgrace to the force."

Then he showed us a doll almost as big as the brat, and made it talk. It was as good as a show.

"What did they put you in here for?"

"Drunk and disorderly. And all on account of a soulless jade named Pixie Taylor. And I've been here a whole day for want of fifty dollars bail."

The brat curled up in Mush's arms and began to cry.

"I'm so tired and hungry," she said. "How long will they keep us here?"

It wasn't long. The captain came down himself to let us out. And he was friendlier than ever.

"Sorry to have kept you here, Rockaby," he said. "We wired Rosario. No charge against you there, fortunately. And I've told those two men to let you alone hereafter."

"Thanks, sergeant," I heard myself saying. "And may I furnish bail for my friend, Mr. St. Albans?"

I heard myself saying that. But I never said it. Before I could get my breath St. Albans was sounding off.

"Why, thanks, Mr. Brady. You'll never regret that. I'll pay you back a hundredfold. As soon as we leave these somber precincts I shall take you to the finest dining room in the great Southwest. Fluffy hot biscuits. Steak. All you can eat of it, with mushrooms and rich thick gravy. Mounds of beautiful white mashed potatoes with rivulets of butter running through them. And women to take care of your little girl. My girl, Pixie, and Judith Ware."

YES, you will, I thought. You ain't going to ventriloquize me into digging up fifty fish for you. That money was too hard earned.

Then I thought, Man, what a meal! And two women to take the brat off my hands. I'd give him the lousy dough. But I'd get it back. And then some. Or else.

"Give me a razor, sergeant—or captain, I mean," I said.

I cut open my coat and counted out five tens.

We all walked out of the hoosegow together, this time the ventriloquist carrying the brat.

On the way to the boardinghouse we passed a sort of park that was crummy with big wooden buildings.

"That's the sanitarium, Rocky," Mush said. "St. Michael, St. Pat, and St. Albans, what a place! St. Albans? Is it crazy I am? Me to say such a thing!"

"Shut up," I said. "You talk too much."

St. Albans merely smiled. He wasn't a bad-looking guy, especially when he smiled. He was tall and skinny and his knees jerked when he walked. He had three gold teeth on his port side. He had long arms. And he must have been strong because he carried the brat in one arm and his dummy on the other, and didn't seem to mind. He was a gabby guy too, and always spouting high-flown language. He sported good clothes but they looked kind of worn, like he hadn't been working much lately. Looking them duds over I got sort of a gone feeling about my fifty bucks.

Until we reached the boardinghouse he kept up a three-way conversation between himself, his dummy, and the brat, him doing all the talking. The brat laughed until she cried. Once he even made her doll talk.

"You look exactly like Hilda Clavering, mama," it said. "Only nicer, and prettier."

"Lay off that stuff," I said. "That Clavering kid's dynamite to us. Them cops threw us in the boob on account of her."

"But the ransom's been paid," St. Albans said. "Are they still looking for her?"

"Search me," I said. "I ain't read the papers in a week."

With that we came to the house. Mush rung the bell. A girl come to the door and looked at us. The prettiest dame I ever lamped. Man, she left me draped over the ropes, limp like a dishrag, just looking at me.

"Miss Judith Ware," the ventriloquist said, "this is the noted fighter, Rockaby Brady, his daughter Virginia, and his chum Mushroom O'Leary."

"Just Mush," Mush said. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am."

Me, I didn't say nothing. I didn't have no breath.

Judith gave the brat a funny look and snatched her out of St. Albans' arm.

"This child's dying of starvation," she said.

She turned on me, blazing like the brat had blazed earlier in the day.

"What kind of a father are you?" she asked me. "Letting your child starve!"

The brat started weeping noisily.

"He's a brute," she said. "He starves me. He beats me. He beats everybody. Even his sweetheart."

The way Judith looked at me then, I felt lower than a worm, lower than two worms.

She took the brat in, put her into bed, and scurried around to make some gruel for her. St. Albans got busy and cooked up a mess of cold beans he found in the icebox.

While we were eating, Judith came storming into the kitchen.

"You've shamefully neglected that child," she said. "She hasn't a clean stitch on her body. I'll have to have decent clothes for her. I'll need medicine."

She held out her hand, and I put the rest of my hundred bucks in it.

"Fifty dollars!" she said. "I can't understand it. You had that much money, and yet—"

I couldn't look at her. I was taking a licking and couldn't hit back. For a girl like that I'd have gone to hell singing. But I was the scum of the earth to her. All on account of that brat.

"Give her the twenty too," Mush said, after she'd gone.

"How we going to pay the rent?" I said. "How we going to eat?"

"Sure, Rocky," Mush said. "How we going to pay the rent? How we going to eat? What's twenty bucks? I ain't going to die soon anyways, so I won't need it to bury me."

I got to her as she was streaking up the stairs.

"Here's twenty bucks more," I said.

I still couldn't look at her. I hurried back into the kitchen. St. Albans was playing with the dummy and the brat's doll.

"Miss Judith, I adore you," the dummy said, and made a bow.

"Rockaby," the doll said, "you're a rough diamond. But I'll marry you, because I love a brute."

I SEEN red. I wanted to murder the guy. But I didn't. I just put a hand on his shoulder and spun him around. He was so surprised to see me, and so scared, he dropped his dummy.

"I—I didn't hear you come in, Mr. Brady," he said. "I—I was just—just having a little fun. I apologize. Profusely, Mr. Brady."

"Listen, punk," I said. "Maybe you think that was funny. But it's on the square with me. I *am* in love with that girl. I *do* want to marry her. And, what's more, I'm *going* to marry her. What do you think of that?"

He was shaking. I didn't think he could talk. But he could, through his dummy. The darn thing was on the floor, looking up at me with its painted smirk and its shoe-button eyes.

"The harder they are, the harder they fall," it said. "But I'd rather see you break every bone in St. Albans' body than to see you marry Judith Ware."

After all, the guy did have guts. Himself, he couldn't say nothing but apologies. But, talking through his dummy, he spoke his piece with as much spunk as the brat herself.

"Well," I said, "maybe I'll have to break every bone in your body, St. Albans. But whether I do or not, I'm still going to marry Judith Ware."

"How interesting!" said a voice behind me. A woman's voice. I whirled around, and what do you think? Sure! Judith Ware was standing there, waiting for me to go on.

Who is the brat? Will she prove a hoodoo to Mush and Rocky? Things happen to this bizarre assortment of people—and they happen fast. You'll smell trouble next week when blondined Pixie Taylor turns up and when Rocky meets a thoroughgoing heel at the Mariposa Café.

SPIES ON YOUR DOORSTEP

BY WALTER KARIG

The Americano would stop and chat with the peddler to improve his knowledge of Mexican native tongues.

From confidential sources: The unvarnished, unfictionized truth about espionage in the U. S. A.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WITH queenly grace, a raven-haired Venus saunters languidly through Peacock Alley. She is followed by an elderly gentleman of soldierly bearing. A dowager's acid whisper etches the silence: "Who is that hussy with the General?"

Oblivious of stares and whispers, the beautiful woman pauses at the embowered entrance to the *Louis Treize salle à manger* to take the General's arm. Gaston, the head waiter, is bowing his lowest.

As the señora's lily fingers flutter to her escort's elbow they release three rose petals, plucked from her corsage. No one notices the crimson fragments flutter to the floor —no one, that is, but Gaston.

"Aha," he mutters as he averts his eyes. "Three divisions to the Russian border. That means—*war!*"

Vera the Black Lily has scored again!

SO go the spy stories of fiction. The fact is that to be a successful modern spy in peacetimes, a Vera would have to be a top-notch engineer, an expert in ordnance, a mechanical genius. The number of ravishingly beautiful women who have such technical qualifications is decidedly limited. In wartimes the siren spy still has a definite function.

The role of women in espionage during peacetimes is an auxiliary one. In active spying it is that of the fence in thievery, a sort of relay agent who rarely knows what she has received from the procurer of information to deliver to somebody else nearer headquarters. Such was the part played by the women members of the German spy ring uncovered in June by Leon G. Turrou, the Department of Justice agent whose literary ambitions ended his career as a super-G-man. In spy-catching the woman's part is to act as bait for a trap set by hands unknown for a prey usually unidentified.

Spying is a man's work, if only because so very few women are graduates of military and naval academies. So is counterespionage, even if there are no West Point or Annapolis graduates in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which is our chief spy-catching agency. F B. I. does the catching; the Naval and Military Intelligence do most of the preliminary detecting, but the Army and Navy have no authority to arrest or try persons not of their own establishments. Even if an ex-soldier or ex-sailor of the American forces is caught selling secrets to a foreign power, as was the cashiered Lieutenant Farnsworth, it is deemed a case for the civilian courts.

In the related field of propaganda women are conspicuously employed; nor need they be amoral beauties, as any informed frequenter of Washington cocktail parties knows. Anyhow, they are now subject to the embarrassing regulations of the McCormack propagandist registration law. But among the estimated 120,000 foreign spies in the United States and its possessions American counterespionage services have little cherchez-la-femming to do, and of the American spies abroad there isn't one who naturally fills out a brassière.

Oh, yes, we have our spies, military, naval, and civilian, and very able ones they are, on the whole. Our spy system, however, is one of the worst in the world. There is no corelation, no central clearinghouse for the information gathered, and there is jealousy between the services and departments.

Most of our spies, like most of any nation's, are recognized as such in the countries where they operate. By the same token, we welcome and entertain, in Washington alone, thirty-one accredited and identified naval, military, and aeronautical spies from fourteen countries and twenty-five industrial and commercial spies from eighteen countries.

The United States, however, has about 130 military, naval, and aviation Intelligence officers in forty-three foreign countries and fifty commercial and industrial observers in about as many foreign cities.

These are the military, naval, aviation, and commercial attachés assigned to the American embassies and legations. Every foreign government knows why they are there, and sees to it that their lives are spent as pleasantly and unprofitably as possible. Our own government does likewise by foreigners.

The commercial, industrial, and agricultural attachés are not on the same social plane as the sword-bearing aristocracy, but sometimes they turn up much more potent information. It was these grubby tradesmen who informed Washington of recent munitions exports from Italy and Germany to South and Central America. The War and Navy Departments learned about the Fascist arming of our neighbors from the American newspapers.

America's free press, incidentally, is a great aid to the foreign observer. If the United States Navy ventures far into the Pacific on secret maneuvers, the American press does its doggonedest to find out just where the fleet went and what it did. Heaven knows I wouldn't want to see the liberty of the press curtailed by the government; but a self-imposed press censorship might be pondered. Not even in democratic, individualistic Great Britain do the newspapers keep the nation's potential enemies so well informed as does our press. Of course the British do have a censorship of sorts. Downing Street asks Fleet Street to ignore a delicate fact, and Fleet Street co-operates.

The gathering of information from abroad is similarly handicapped by an exasperatingly naïve "American way." Consular officers hear a great deal of interesting news and gossip, which they report to the State Department. Commercial, industrial, and agricultural agents send their gleanings to the Commerce Department. Military attachés report to G-2, naval attachés to the Intelligence Division, Office of Naval Operations. There is no clearinghouse where the news from the four departments' foreign observers can be correlated.

Technically, this is a Presidential duty. Actually, the State Department tries to do some sort of job with the jigsaw puzzle of piecemeal facts; but when Secretary Hull tried to achieve the eminently sensible transfer of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce to the Department of State, Secretary Roper of the Commerce Department threatened to resign. He put his efficient political machine to work upon the Congress to prevent the "kidnaping" of his Bureau.

Perhaps "spying" will be considered a harsh word. It will be denied that our military or naval attachés behave so coarsely and cynically as did the Japanese officers of the embassy staff who negotiated with ex-Lieutenant Farnsworth, U. S. N., even though an American naval officer jeered at the ban against cameras in a certain foreign sea-coast zone, with the remark to me that "the location, age, and caliber of every gun in the area is known to us." Nevertheless, the job of our four-headed observation staff abroad is essentially to gather and transmit information. The nature of some of that information may require the special attention of secret agents. A uniformed attaché may report to Washington that a combatant in one of the several trial wars now going on is using a new and peculiarly effective antiaircraft gun. He does not know how it works and cannot find out. The United States, preparing to build a big fleet of long-range battleships which will be shining marks for airplane bombs, acts upon the tip from the attaché, and presently it has complete information.

That is an actual example. The Navy has today a multiple-barreled antiaircraft gun which can send fifteen projectiles per minute to a height of 10,000 yards at a ninety-degree trajectory. So has one other World Power, which sent some of these guns into experimental action in a current curtain-raiser war. But we have more than that. Once our spies delivered complete specifications of the artillery piece, the American artillery experts went to work upon improvements, with the result that the redesigned gun makes American battleships immune to attack from the air. It is almost entirely automatic in action, and is as effective by night as by day.

Movements of money, capital investments of Italy, Germany, and Russia in the Americas, are pregnant with meaning to those charged with the defense of the United States. Purchases of machinery, of airplanes, the importation of mechanical and military experts from Europe by Latin-American republics mean more than an invasion of our markets. They also mean the invasion of this hemisphere by Fascist or Communist ideologies. Therefore the importance of our attachés and foreign service personnel cannot be laughed off.

Our civilian observers, whose job it is also to be of service to American travelers and exporters, are all career men, definitely trained. That the consular officers look down upon the commercial attachés, and that both are scorned by the Army and Navy, who are mutually jealous, is one of the faults of our system.

As for our Military and Naval Intelligence work, under the peculiar American system it is something an officer does for three or four years when there isn't any room for him on a warship or a military reservation. It is, in short, not a specialization, as it is in other countries, but a tour of duty. So there is a constant turnover in the Intelligence units, with about one fourth of the personnel departing annually for sea duty or R. O. T. C. training or some other unrelated work.

Imagine, if you can, a member of the F. B. I. after four years' training as a G-man automatically sent away to be a postmaster or a revenue collector. Or imagine the reverse. What would the results be?

A general or an admiral will tell you they would be excellent. All postmasters and revenue agents would be trained G-men. Our Military and Naval Intelligence system enables most of our young officers to receive training in espionage and counterespionage, mostly the latter. Those with special aptitude can then be called upon for emergency duty requiring extraordinary talent. Both the Army and the Navy call upon qualified reserve officers who have returned to civilian life for emergency Intelligence duty, too. It is from these graduates of the four-year tour of duty that American secret operatives are drafted. The job may be as simple as keeping an eye on a suspected civilian; it may be as complicated and hazardous as securing the secret of that antiaircraft gun.

On such assignments as the latter our armed forces follow the universal practice of depriving the agent of all official protection. If he is caught, he knows his country will deny him. His passport is an official forgery, and its invalidity will be asserted from Washington. If he makes good he will be paid his regular salary and get a vacation with pay; if he fails, it may mean that his body will be washed up on some island in the Japanese Pacific mandate or he will walk downstairs to a Moscow cellar and be carried up feet first.

An American Army Reserve officer, a Texan, who was in business in Mexico, became acquainted with a pushcart peddler who sold fruit and cornhusk cigarettes to the soldiers in a frontier casern. The peddler was a picturesque fellow in serape and sombrero, with sandals whose soles were cut from an old automobile tire. He spoke only Spanish and Nahuatl, and the Americano business man used to stop and chat with the grimy

If the Navy ventures out on secret maneuvers, the American press does its doggonedest to find out just where the fleet went and what it did.

peon to improve his knowledge of the native tongues.

Trouble came to Mexico, and the business man returned to Texas, where he presently fell ill and was admitted to a government hospital. Convalescent, he was in the patio one day and his chair set beside that of a bandaged patient introduced as Major So-and-So. You have guessed the dénouement. The major was the old peddler, in which disguise he had been gathering information from the Mexican soldiers.

Only the Army and the Navy, and Hoover's G-men when the plot thickens, employ the false-whisker method of gathering information. The State Department, however, is always in the market for the authentic low-down on contemplated foreign shenanigans. It buys its information with money from a special and constantly replenished fund for which no public accounting is made.

Maybe it comes as a shock to our more sensitive citizens that the United States engages at all in espionage. It should comfort them that we are as zealously, and more openly, engaged in keeping our own military and naval secrets safe and in pursuit of foreign spies. This counterespionage is increasingly arduous and expensive. In 1936 the " maintenance of attachés and collection of information " cost the Navy $199,699; in 1937, $247,000; in 1938, $312,200; and the 1939 appropriation is $348,510.

In the words of Admiral Holmes, Chief of Naval Intelligence, its effectiveness is " directly proportionate to the money available for it." The Navy, he says, " needs accurate and timely information in regard to international relations . . . the policies, interests, resources, and combatant forces of foreign nations . . . the physical, strategical, and logistical characteristics of possible areas of naval operations. . . . *Naval Intelligence is also charged with the security of naval interests, particularly in guarding confidential information vital to the national defense. . . . The possibility of foreign activities at home makes it imperative that Naval Intelligence be alert.*"

Appropriations for Naval and Military Intelligence give a very incomplete picture of actual expenses. Salaries are not included; the men draw them anyhow. Various civilian employees are paid from contingent funds. The Navy's surveys in Pacific Ocean areas will cost $33,500 this fiscal year, which sum is not charged against the Intelligence Office budget.

Colonel E. R. Warner McCabe, in command of the Army's G-2, describes " the principal mission of the Military Intelligence " as procurement of " information on foreign countries necessary to the proper formulation of our defense plans . . ." for which the 1939 appropriation is $89,450 exclusive of salaries and wages. But G-2 is also vigorously engaged in counterespionage and protection of such inventions as the new airplane bombsights which enable an aviator to drop a half ton of high explosive on a dime from a mile in the air.

The Japanese spies used to provide bush-league practice for our budding Intelligence officers. American counterespionage didn't bother catching them; it was easier, and a lot less embarrassing, simply to watch them. The Panama Canal area swarms with them. American Intelligence officers used to have pet names for those Japanese " fishermen " whose boats brought in no fish.

However, Japan has new allies now, and although the " fishermen " are still at it, the Japanese spies for whom the American counterespionage must be doubly alert are men of other racial stocks who are primarily in the espionage service of one or another European country.

Spying is not a capital crime in this country. Lately " protective custody " has been adopted by the F. B. I. American legal practice requires immediate arraignment of prisoners. A person has the right to be formally accused even if caught red-handed in a murder. If the authorities are dilatory, he has recourse to *habeas corpus*. That is still the rule, except for persons suspected of being spies, whose arraignment would warn all their fellows. Hence the present somewhat revolting but perhaps justified confinement of a suspect in a hotel room or office under guard. It is legal but not yet legalized kidnaping, against which recent " victims " have had the temerity to protest because it is un-American!

The biggest tomfool assistance to military spies has been afforded by Congress, organized labor, and organized business. Business refuses to permit the government to manufacture its own munitions. The Navy Department sweats blood every time it tries to build a vessel in one of its own yards, because hordes of Congressmen descend clamoring from areas wherein private shipyards are located. Sabotage is a very real menace when private firms build our instruments of defense. Last year a new destroyer, almost ready for delivery, was discovered to be a mammoth bomb. The auxiliary steam line had been plugged with a milk bottle, brought into the vessel in a workman's lunch box. Once the high-pressure steam was turned into the auxiliary line during a speed test, the ship would have been blown to bits.

President Roosevelt has advised the Army and Navy to seek more funds from Congress for their Intelligence units next year; but sorely as these need funds, they need other things as well: Establishment of a central bureau. A closer correlation of the anti-espionage services. A plugging of the holes knocked by the law, such as the Vinson Act, in the walls of secrecy around our defenses under construction.

And spy-catching, the experts insist, should be left to them. It is often more to the government's interest to let a spy happily ply his trade than to throw him *juzgado*. You remember the story of the foreign ships, built from stolen plans, which turned upside down upon launching? It isn't quite true. They didn't turn all the way over. But it serves as an illustration of how the would-be biter can be bitten—and by his own mouth.

THE END

WILD CAT'S

BY

HELEN HEDRICK

A stirring, memorable story of love and life and youth's awakening

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

IT was the girl, Julie-Ann, began it, rightly. Come streaking across the mountain before dawnlight to get Mame.

The dogs started raising rumpus, and Blue got up and pulled on his pants and took his rifle-gun and went outside. He talked to the dogs and they went back under the porch, all but old Bess; she kept on growling, low in her throat, alongside Blue's legs.

Glowlight was coming up behind Broken Top Mountain; dew was making the air taste sweet of pine and fernbrake; a bird was trying out its song out there in the shadows; it was falltime in the Oregon mountains.

Blue saw her coming when she broke over the last hogback ridge; she came running down-trail like a scared doe. She got clear to the rail fence before she said anything, and her browny eyes were so big you could have rowed a boat in them, almost.

"I got to have Mame," she said, putting the red hair back behind her shoulders; "it's my ma's time come."

Mame was in the doorway, fastening up her waist, and she called:

"Hurry, there, Blue, and get a cooker fire going." And then she drew Julie-Ann inside.

The last time Blue'd seen her she was nothing but a scrub kid, and here she was big, maybe sixteen. All the time he was shaking down the stove, building the fire, he was looking at her. Her cotton dress was plain enough, thin-worn in places. Her shoulders strong and finely turned, her breasts young-full above her slender waist. Her eyes came around to him, and Blue flushed up and looked away.

And there was Coke, his brother twin, black-handsome Coke, who always bragged he had his way with any girl; and standing now, big hand against the doorjamb to the lean-to shed, his teeth wolf-sharp and white with his enjoying grin. And Blue could feel his blood surge up, dark anger swelling at his throat, though why he should, Blue couldn't think; he'd never cared before what Coke would do. But now he wanted suddenly to smash his brother in the face.

The girl was talking low to Mame. "It ain't like any of the other times," she told. "She just lays there, and pa can't get a call word out of her."

Mame was slicing side meat when the girl said that, and she quit and laid down the knife. "Corey-Belle," Mame said to her oldest girl child, "you go on with getting breakfast. And you, Coke, get on, and harness Pedro to the cart. I can't go traipsing up that trail another time. I've got to ride around. Here, Lindy. Fetch my yarb basket; let me see. And Blue," Mame said, "you and Coke finish grubbing up the spuds today. And see he don't go sneakin' off to runnin' deer with the dogs, neither."

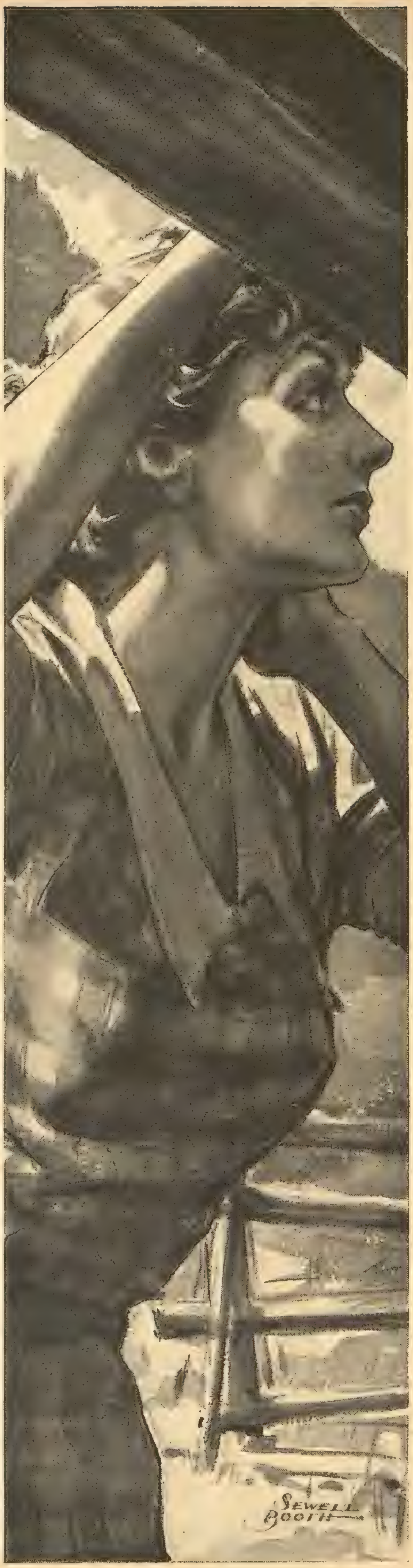
The girl, Julie-Ann, was to the doorway like a shot. "I'll run crost the mountain, so's she'll know you're comin'," she said. She was over the fence stile and going full tilt up through the sugar pines, and Blue was at the doorframe, watching. The sun was on top of the highest ridge, and cutting gold slashes between the dark trees all down the mountainside; it sounded like a thousand thousand birds had come to life.

And there was Coke, leading Pedro, harnessed to the cart, up to the door, his black eyes shiny after Julie-Ann, and grinning. "Did you see," he said to Blue, "the way she kept a looking at me? Tryin' to toll me out to follow her," Coke laughed, "the little ——"

Blue stepped down light from off the porch. "You dirty liar, take that back," Blue said, and called his brother twin a name.

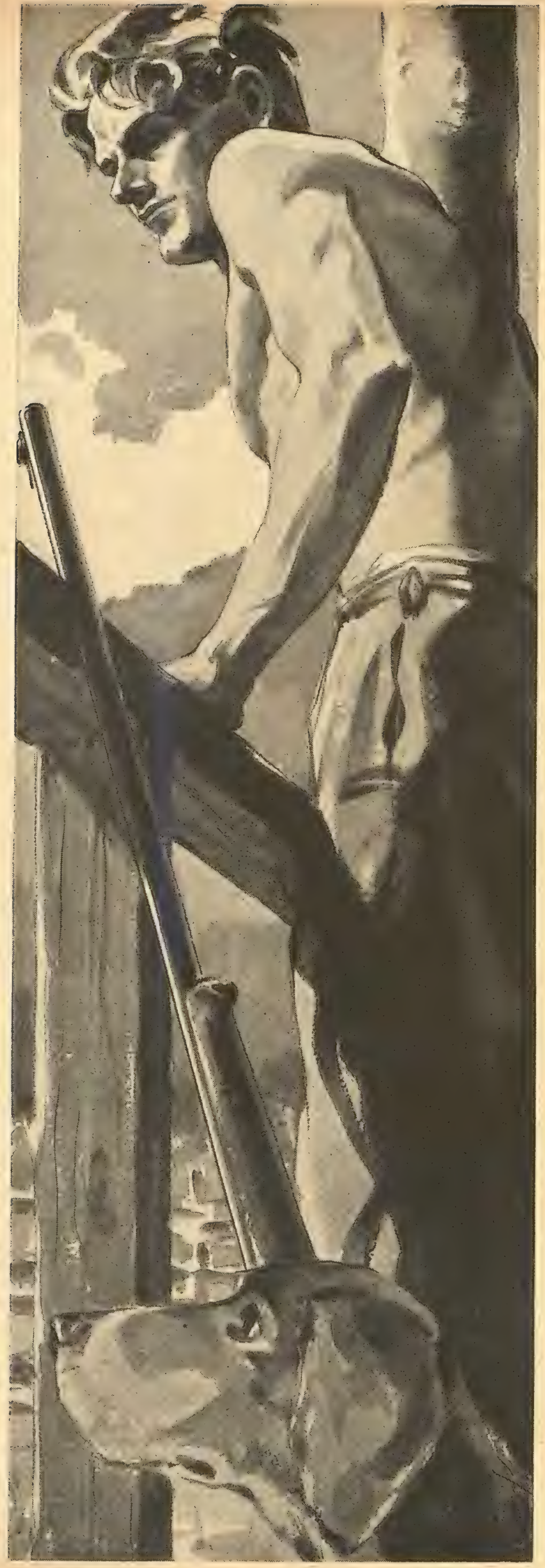
"Suppose you make me," Coke said then, "or try."

Swift Blue was at him. They slipped on the ground-pine patch



"I got to have Mame," she said, putting the red hair behind her shoulders; "it's ma's time come."

ILLUSTRATED BY
SEWELL BOOTH



KISS

beside the house, and Blue fell underneath, with Coke on top and jamming knees into his chest and choking him. Blue took a powerful heave and rolled him, got above, and got to hammering Coke's head against the ground. Coke, underneath, was thrashing out his legs like a downed cougar-cat and trying all the time to get his hands back on Blue's throat.

Mame came out the door with Lindy lugging up her basket and all the other kids crowding, sleepy, out of bed, behind her; the dogs were raising Cain beneath the porch. Mame climbed into the cart and gathered up the lines; with her free hand she raised the whip and took Blue a swift cut across his back.

" I got no time to whop you," Mame declared, " but I ought to. Growed as you are. Turned past eighteen and rassle-quarrelin' like a pair of whelps. Now get up out of that, and eat your meal, the both of you. And then get down after them spuds. It's like to come a freeze most any night." She spoke to Pedro and touched him up and the dust rolled back from the cart wheels.

Blue got off and Coke dusted off, and for the first time in their lives they didn't grin, when they quit fighting. Gray thin smoke was drifting in the air, with smell of wood fire, and frying side meat, and coffee boiling. Corey-Belle let out a yell to come, and they went in the house.

The sun was hot down in the potato field. Blue grubbed and Coke picked up. They got done before the sun dipped off toward Good Horsepasture Range, the last of the sacks carried and stowed in the low earth cellar behind the house. The day was still, the kids were playing down beside the beaver dam, their voices faint, the sound of their laughter coming distant through the clear warm air; the pine trees all were whispering.

Coke came out of the house with his rifle-gun and whistled up the dogs, but he didn't look at Blue. He didn't fool him none, Blue said; but Coke just laughed and started off the opposite direction to Broken Top. The dogs bounded out, giving tongue, ahead of Coke, all but old Bess. She broke back and looked up, waiting like, at Blue, and then lay down beside his feet.

Blue listened to the other dogs come doubling back before they got as far as Marble Springs; heard them cutting back up the ridges, and he went into the house and got his gun. He listened to the voice of Poley, and Midge, and Mout, and Dessy, and Led, marking the way that Coke was taking across the mountain toward Julie-Ann's.

Blue took the short cut over the hogback and Bess was near. She took a round into a ravine and brought a buck deer, a four-point, leaping out, whistling straight by Blue, but Blue didn't want him, not then.

But up-mountain a ways Blue got to thinking about it. About the girl, and maybe now a young un comin'. They'd like fresh meat, and like as not the old man not gettin' out to do much huntin'. Blue took to going easy, watching, but the underfoot was dry and crackling every step he took; there was a crying need for rain before there'd be good hunting, Blue was thinking.

He couldn't hear the dogs any longer; they'd dropped to the other side, and Blue stepped up his pace; a kind of fear was gnawing him inside. He'd never thought to care about Coke's ways, but now he did. Just thinking about what Coke had said about the girl was making him mighty mad, eating in his craw.

The way was cooler going down the other side, leaving the sun behind. Bess jumped another buck deer out of a trampled brake bed, and Blue spoke his rifle-gun and got the buck right in back of the shoulder, right through the heart. The buck sprang up, whistled in swift surprise, then toppled back, and Bess ran in, so trusting Blue's gun shot for true.

But age had made Bess slow. In death lunge the buck struck out a foot, sharp as a razor blade in hoof, and slashed old Bess wide open, near from chin to flank. And

Bess was down, her blood on the ferns, and she rolled up her eyes and licked Blue's hand, to show him that she didn't fault him, and whimpered against her pain.

Blue had to take his rifle up and use a ca'tridge to finish off her lingering, and all the time his eyes were blinding wet, and partly he was cursing, and partly praying, putting her away, shallowing her a grave below a sugar pine and piling rocks to best coyotes and roaming bands of timber wolves. And when he cut the buck's head off, and skinned the legs back to make a pack, he did it like the buck was still alive and feeling, and like he didn't care.

Blue shouldered up the deer at last, picked up his rifle-gun and started down the trail; from where he was he saw the two low roofs and drifting smoke of Julie-Ann's, and made the form of Pedro standing hitched, and lesser shapes of dogs outside the lower cabin where the girl and other kids were apt to be. And Coke.

Just as he came into the clearing the door of the lower cabin flew wide open and Coke took to the air like he was going to fly. The girl, her red hair streaming, Julie-Ann, was tight upon his heels with a broom swinging downward in her hands. Coke took a high leap and she caught him fair; she got him right over his black head with that hard swinging broom. And Coke fell down, but jumped up running, hit the brush, and scattered dogs like fleas.

Blue thought he'd bust himself a laughing. He heaved down the buck and dropped his rifle-gun and roared out laughing. He laughed like he was drunk. He flopped down on the ground in the pine needles and rolled around, laughing. He jumped up and slapped his thighs. He leaned up against a pine tree, and all the kids were crowding in the doorway of the lower cabin staring at him like he'd gone crazy. He guessed he had, laughing at Coke, and all the time, inside, like he was bleeding there, like the buck's hoof had cut him to ribbons there inside around his heart when it was slashing Bess.

HELEN HEDRICK

still lives in the Rogue Valley of southern Oregon, where she was born. She has been writing for a couple of years and says she likes it almost as much as she likes fishing in the Rogue River. She is married and has three children—two girls, one boy.

And Julie-Ann came boiling back and slapped him still. Right smack across the face. She had to reach clear up to do it, and she slapped the laugh right off his mouth. And he reached out and grabbed her and hugged her up to him. It was like managing a wild cat in his arms.

He felt her quivering with mad, a high flame leaping in her browny eyes, and striking out against him. So he pinned down her arms with one of his and held her face up with his hand. And kissed her then, in spite of all her fighting.

A funny thing. He felt the fight melt out of her beneath his hands and her grow gentle, still. He could see right down into her eyes, her deep red hair smelled sweet of some wildflower, her lips were like a rose. And all the pain, the killing hurt went from his heart and left him trembling.

She pushed away and there were wet marks on her lashes. "I didn't want it to be like that," she said, half whispering. "I never wanted it to come like this."

He wanted, hard, with all his life, to tell her how it was. It was as if he was back yonder on the hill, looking down on Bess, knowing he was not to blame that she was mortal hurt, and yet he was; and there was nothing he could do about it, ever, now. So, looking down at Julie-Ann, he knew the same strange dark bewilderment. "I didn't mean a harm," Blue started in to say. And there was Coke.

"Yeh," Coke said, and spat, "so this is how. Come sneakin' over here. I'll show you how to laugh in hell."

The last bit of sunlight dropped behind the purple shadow of the mountaintop. A stir went over Blue, turning him cold all down his thighs, seeing the glitter and the hate in Coke's regard. "All right," Blue said. "It might as well be now."

Coke had him tight around the waist and lifting him to spin, but Blue hung on and got his knee between Coke's legs and neither one could get the other down. Coke's black head was coming in, his wolf-sharp teeth struck into Blue's quick rolling shoulder; the head ripped back and Blue felt his own blood, warm, coming down his chest and arm, but never felt a pain. He got a fist around Coke's jaw and rammed him off, but Coke brought back a smashing blow against his throat that whipped a black-and-orange light around Blue's eyes. He put his all into a blow that rocked Coke back onto his heels. And they stood off. Coke shook his head, weaving a little on his feet, and Blue pulled up his shirt where it was ripped in two, tense for Coke's next move.

Coke like an ugly stranger there, and Blue felt sick inside, as if he had the fever and none of this was real. "Why, what the ——?" Blue said, but Coke put down his head and came in slugging.

And so Blue let him have it, and when he pulled Coke up at last he got him by the shoulders and held him for his head to clear. It came all over Blue that life was a senseless thing, a stupid mauling, when things like this had come about. But there weren't any words for that. He tried to think how it had come, that never meaning to, he'd lost old Bess, and ruined something he could only sense but knew it beautiful for Julie-Ann; and here was Coke, his brother twin.

And all at once Coke flipped back his sweat-wet hair, and struck his hand, and grinned, sheepish, slow, but with some rueful merriment. "Well, kid," Coke said, "I guess I kind of bit off more than I could chew that time."

Blue wished he didn't feel so choked, that he had something he could say outside of, "Yeh, well, Co'."

A thin and reedy wail struck up, coming from the upper cabin, a new and questioning cry. Behind Blue the children started laughing, and Julie-Ann lifted up her arm to show her pa she knew his wave from out the cabin door meant everything was well up there. "I've got to go and see what I can do," said Julie-Ann.

"I guess nobody's needin' me," Coke laughed, and whistled up his dogs and took his rifle-gun and started back the trail. Blue mopped his sleeve across his face and swung the buck up to his back. "I brought you down this fresh meat; thought you'd be wanting it," he blurted, awkward, to the girl.

"Why, thanks," she said. "Ma'll be right grateful. You kids," she told the gaping children, "go on and play. But mind the noise around the upper cabin; the baby's got to sleep."

Blue picked up his rifle-gun and followed her. He couldn't seem to speak for wanting to. "I'd like," he managed, "to be the one to come and see you, Julie-Ann. If you don't mind."

His words just hung there, in the air, between them, while he waited, watching the way the twilight wind had with her red hair, the way her face was formed just like a heart, her eyes so browny dark. The spirit, the proud, was back in her, lifting her head while she looked over him. He knew he couldn't bear to hear her tell him no. "If you would, please," Blue asked; he didn't recognize his voice.

Julie-Ann was walking like he wasn't even there, and took her time with him. But near the upper cabin door she spoke.

"You listen here, Blue Hartman," Julie said. "Don't think you can come runnin' here like some stray dog. And any time you please. If you come round here, Blue Hartman, you come dressed up. When I have asked you to. A proper way. That's how," she said, and went into the cabin door and shut it after her.

She left him standing there. The buck could not have weighed more than an ounce across his back, so light Blue felt.

The sky above the mountaintops was changing pink to opal; a star came out. And underneath his feet Blue felt the pulse and stirring force of all the living earth, and some way felt that it belonged to him.

He threw the deer down on a table in the lean-to shed behind the cabin and started cutting up the meat to hang. He guessed he'd better stay awhile and drive old Pedro home for Mame.

THE END

Younger brothers of your telephone

This one helps entertain and instruct millions

Did you know that talking pictures are a product of Bell Telephone Laboratories research? And that the majority of pictures today are both recorded in the principal studios and reproduced in thousands of theatres by means of Western Electric sound equipment?

(Above is a section of film, with the sound track at left of picture).

This one helps the hard-of-hearing to hear

If your hearing is impaired, you'll be interested in Western Electric's new Ortho-Technic Audiphone. Another outgrowth of Bell System research, this instrument is built on entirely new principles in hearing aid design. It does things no previous aid could do. It will bring easier hearing and greater happiness to thousands.

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When you travel on any of the nation's major airlines, the air-minded brother of your Bell Telephone flies with you. Western Electric radio telephones keep pilots and airports in touch—help to make possible today's splendid airline service. More and more private planes, too, are being equipped with the flying telephone.

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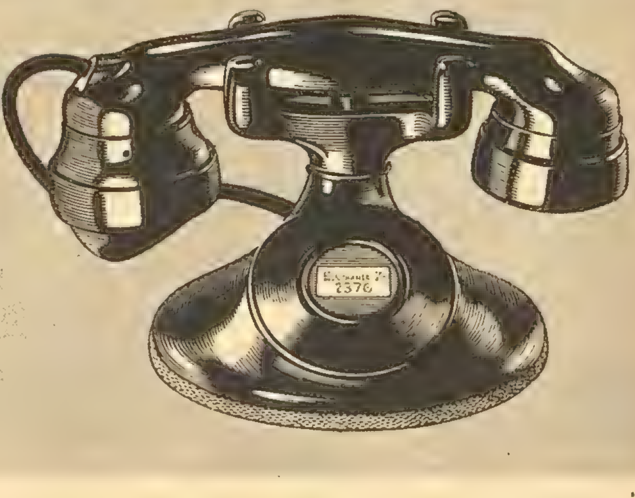
Since 1882 Western Electric has been the manufacturer for the Bell System, and this is still its major activity.

Experience in the field of sound-transmission has frequently enabled the Company to apply its skill in the making of other sound equipment that plays an important part in daily living.



Western Electric *. . . made your* BELL TELEPHONE

THE RAILROAD CRISES CAN BE SOLVED *if-*

BY JOHN J. PELLEY

President of the Association
of American Railroads

For liberals! Liberty presents a thought-provoking challenge on an urgent problem of today

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ASKED to size up the railroad situation for Liberty readers, I'd like to give you a little background. Frankly, my purpose is to show *your* interest in this problem.

Our railroads are a gigantic twenty-six-billion-dollar plant. There are nearly a million direct owners, stockholders, and about as many bondholders. If you have an insurance policy or savings account, probably you are among the *tens* of millions who are indirect owners through bonds. I'd even say that everybody who has a job has a personal interest, a money stake, in the railroads and their welfare.

Since the United States is the most advanced industrial nation, we must have more and better transportation than any other people. Transportation is our circulatory system. The railroads are the main arteries of that system. And nowhere in the world is the connection between healthy arteries and the national good health, which is prosperity, so close as in this country.

But you will have heard criticism of the railroads. I can assure you we have heard much more. That our locomotives are identical "in principle" with the one Stephenson built in 1829. That there has been no railway progress in thirty years—or forty. That the railroads are obsolete and likely to become extinct.

Railroaders—busy at their job; a tough one lately—haven't stopped to quibble with critics. But we've often wished these critics were better informed. Let's look at some items of the record of achievement.

There is the widespread introduction of passenger-train schedules of from sixty to more than eighty miles an hour, start to stop. Today there are around 800 such runs, totaling more than a lap and a half around the earth. In view of some "railways at a standstill" talk, let's measure progress on that, thus: 1929, only 1,100 miles of runs at sixty miles per hour or faster; 1938, an average of more than 40,000 miles daily.

If you ride on one of these trains you are "doing ninety" much of the time. But you aren't likely to know it. Improvements have smoothed the way for you.

I'm sorry figures aren't available for scoring all the rest of the world on sixty-or-better trains. But for any who retain any impression about "European superiority" there is this: a study by Railway Age indicates that of the sixty fastest trains in the world, over various distances, fifty-three are American trains.

Railway progress compares favorably with progress in any industry anywhere.

Our locomotive has come in for some name calling. Critics apparently don't know that locomotives have been developed which are *twice* as efficient as those in use a few years ago. I am convinced that in no form of machinery has there been more progress recently than in the development of railway locomotives of all types.

A part of this story you know. The "streamliners" attracted wide public interest and won popularity. But have you ever considered what rare courage it took for railway leaders to make plans and lay out money, at the very depths of depression, for this costly experiment? As they learned more about various types of lightweight trains, larger and more powerful streamliners were built, at costs of around a million dollars each. These are undergoing further tests on the practical "proving ground" of main-line track, ocean to ocean.

Open-minded, the railroads today are making comparative tests of the most modern steam, electric, motor, and now—newest arrival—turbine-electric locomotives. The tests are made to see which are best for different uses. We play no favorites. Even now, as you glide along

at ninety, the horsepower up ahead may be either steam, electric, or Diesel.

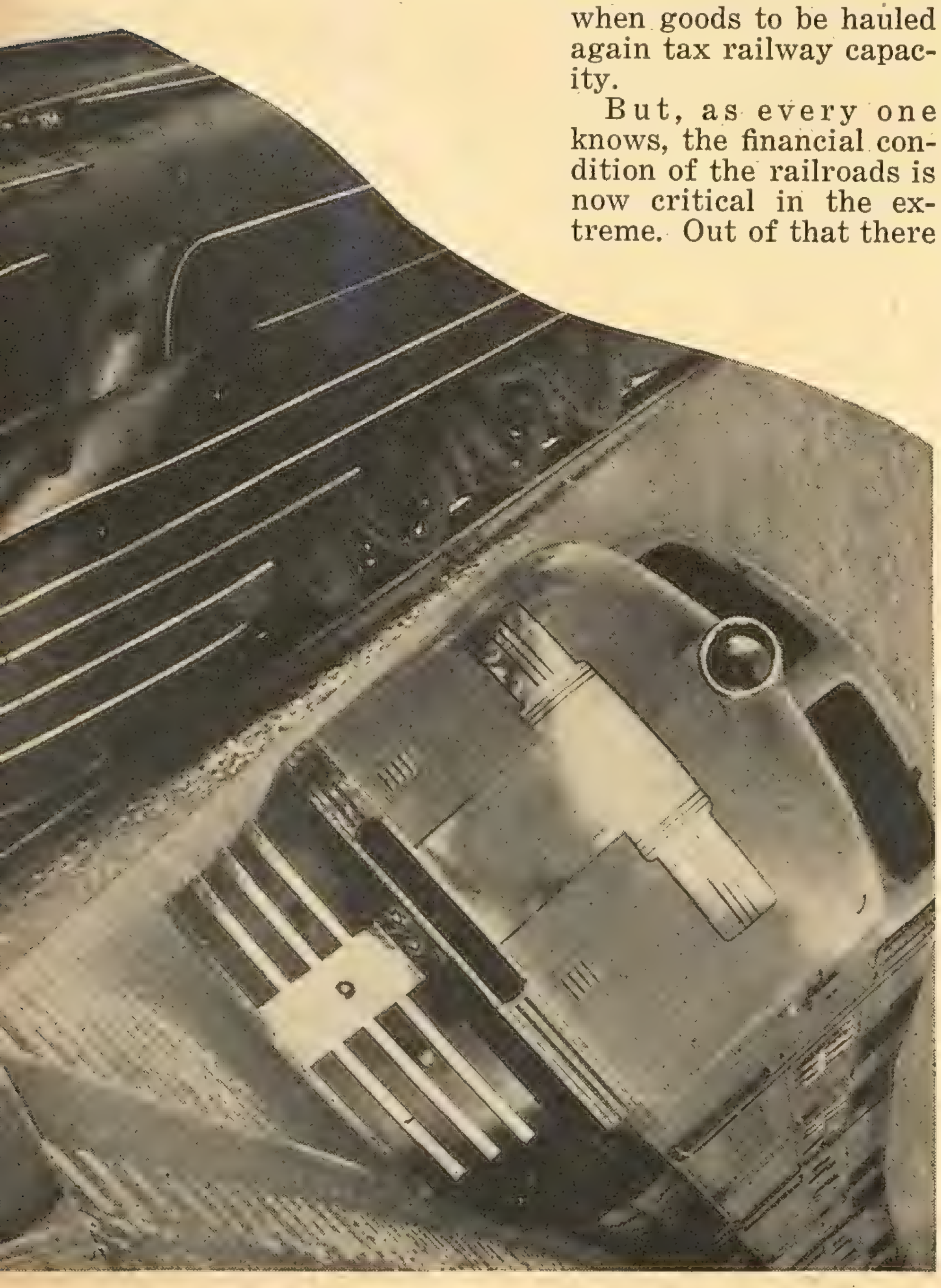
Another item: the wide introduction, even during the leanest years, of air conditioning for passenger travel. Hasn't the introduction of this modern comfort been far more rapid on the railroads than in the homes and workplaces of the country?

Now about freight trains. You never ride on them, may never think of them. But "freight" feeds and clothes you, provides shelter and warmth. Here are some "average trips" to your table: Cereals, 627 miles; butter, 927; berries, 1,200; eggs, 1,353; oranges and grapefruit, 2,125 miles. Freight service, whether good or bad, is of vital importance to you, in your home and at your job.

The movement of *all* freight has been speeded up almost 50 per cent in fifteen years. In all parts of the United States, while you sleep, freight trains are making overnight runs of from 400 to 500 miles each between the most important cities. Some of these trains average forty miles an hour or better, terminal to terminal. Into industrial centers freight trains roll with such speed and precision today that they are "extensions of the assembly line," unloading materials and parts at the hour when needed. Such freight service helps make cheaper the goods you buy.

California's fruit reaches the East thirty hours ahead of 1930 schedules. Banana trains from New Orleans reach Chicago on the second morning instead of the third. Livestock travels from Denver to Chicago within thirty-six hours. Florida produce reaches New England two days quicker than in 1929. Some of the new "iron horses" go 250 miles without food or drink and save at least one third on fuel, and some can haul mile-long trains at sixty miles an hour or faster.

All this seems to me to indicate quite vigorous arteries! Never in history has railroad service been so fast, safe, efficient, dependable, complete. The railroads are giving more value per dollar than ever before. On the operations side they are "all set and ready to go." Ready to serve the nation better when goods to be hauled again tax railway capacity.



But, as every one knows, the financial condition of the railroads is now critical in the extreme. Out of that there has emerged another kind of criticism. The chief item of it centers around the railroad debt.

The railroads are worth *billions* more than the total of outstanding bonds and capital stock. Their debt, sixty cents per dollar invested in 1910, now is forty-four cents per dollar invested. It has been stated publicly that the cause of railroad financial troubles is the "fact" that they must use 50 per cent of gross income to pay interest on debt. Actually, in 1937 it was less than 15 per cent, and less than in any of the years before 1917 when railroads were most prosperous.

Governmental authorities are agreed that railroad fixed charges are *not* excessive, are *not* an unjust burden upon the public, and are *not* a major cause of the railroads' critical financial condition.

The years 1916 and 1917 were the last in which our railroads earned as much as 5 per cent on the money invested in them. Since 1916 railroad wages have more than doubled. The burden of taxes has more than doubled. But what the railroads get for hauling a ton of freight a mile, which is now about one cent, has gone up only one third, and the revenue for carrying a passenger a mile is actually less than it was then. Add the drop in rail traffic, partly due to depression and partly due to competition of other forms of transportation, and you have the reason why the industry is financially sick.

To make ends meet once more on the railroads there must be more income and less outgo. The great increases in expenses have been in taxes and wages. Last year the employees secured raises in wages through the collective-bargaining machinery of the Railway Labor Act. This year the railroads invoked the same process to secure a reduction in wages. Direct conferences failed to bring an agreement, as did the National Board of Mediation, a government body. The Board then proposed that both sides agree to submit the question to an arbitration board with power to decide, as contemplated by law. Employees' representatives refusing to agree to this, the President appointed a fact-finding commission which, as this is written, has made recommendations against the proposed wage reductions. This makes it all the more imperative that we arrive at some sound national transportation policy.

The facts and figures about railroads are matters of public record. That makes it difficult to understand why so many myths persist.

A great variety of remedies has been suggested for railroad ills. Few are backed by practical knowledge. It is up to *you*, as citizens, to decide what the future of the railroads is to be. Their chief needs are simply these:

First: They should be treated as a *business*. They have been regulated as if they were a monopoly. This has continued long after other forms of transportation —in most cases subsidized, government-aided, or variously favored—have grown large as competitors. These take away from the railroads much business which could be moved over rails at lower *real* cost.

There can be no solution of the railroad problem until it is recognized that they must be given a fair chance to make a reasonable profit. They can't carry all the various forms of increased costs—many government-imposed—unless they can sell transportation at prices which will support these costs.

Second: The railroads should have equality of treatment and of opportunity.

Many of the true costs of the competitors are shifted to the taxpayers. At great cost the government provides and maintains river channels for navigation—a "free way" for railway competitors. There is a subsidy for the airplane. All the people provide the "roadbed" for trucks and busses. Moreover, there are various other differentials, growing out of taxation and regulation, by which the railroads are handicapped. The railroads ask no favors: merely an equal chance.

Give them these two things—the status of a business which must earn its way, and "an even start"—and *railroaders* will solve "the railroad problem."

Then the railroads, already geared to go, will be able to do their full share in helping build recovery and in serving a prosperous people.

THE END

PHIL BERRY 38

THAT'S MY STORY

Corrigan beside an Airtech Travelair plane at the San Diego field in April, 1929.

Skylarks, skyrides — New inspiration from Lindbergh — A transport pilot at last . . . Nearer to glory moves the boy who flew to fame in reverse

BY DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Born in Galveston, Texas, in 1907, Douglas Corrigan lived from the age of six in San Antonio. It was there that his father deserted his mother, leaving her with three children—Douglas, Harry, and Evelyn—to support. Mrs. Corrigan opened a roominghouse, and Douglas contributed to the family income by selling newspapers.

The next move, in 1919, was to Los Angeles. In 1920 Mrs. Corrigan's health failed and Douglas became the family's sole support, working in a bottling plant and going to school once a week to keep his work permit. When Mrs. Corrigan died, an aunt took Evelyn to Vallejo, but Harry and Doug remained in Los Angeles on their own.

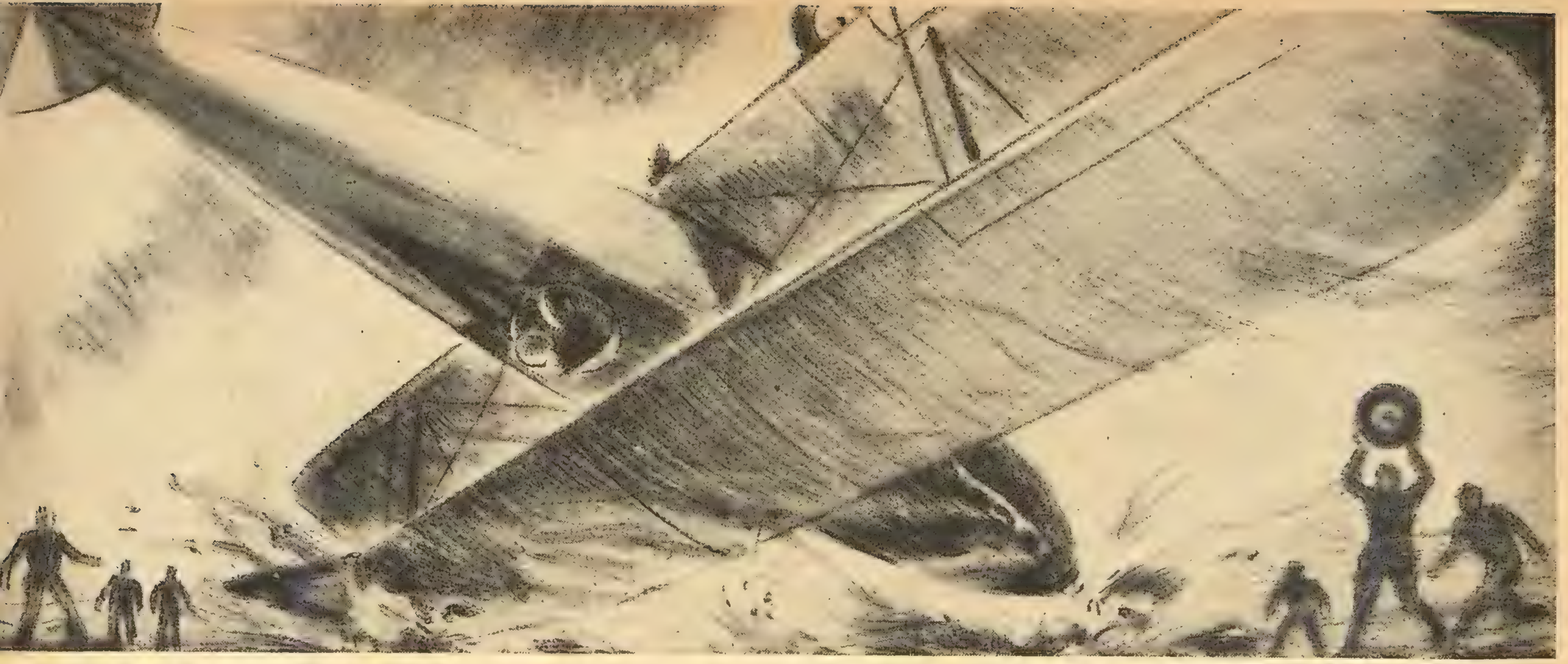
Harry went to school and Douglas got a job with a building firm. One day a ride in a plane convinced him that he wanted to be a flyer, and from then on he spent all the money he could save for flying lessons. The greatest day in his life was March 25, 1926, when he made his first solo flight. Shortly after his twentieth birthday he went to San Diego to work at a flying field. There he first met his hero, Lindbergh, in 1927. There he helped with the building of the famous Spirit of St. Louis and rejoiced with the rest of the field personnel when word came that Lindbergh had arrived in Paris.

PART FIVE—A HERO'S HANDSHAKE

AFTER Lindbergh's flight to Paris in 1927 the factory in San Diego began to get orders for more planes than they could build. In just a few weeks the working force was increased from twenty to 120, and the five-place cabin planes were being completed at the rate of three a week.

B. F. Mahoney, who had been sole owner, now sold stock in the company to several San Diego business men to get the capital to expand the plant. I had been working in the final assembly department under Oliver McNeel and Shirley Morrison, and for a while was stockroom clerk with Walter Locke. Now they needed to train more welders, so Hawley Bowlus, the superintendent, put me to work in the welding department for Mel Anderson. I worked as helper at first and finally became a welder myself. Frank Hawks took delivery of the first J-5 Ryan cabin plane, which had been originally started for Dick Robinson, and flew it in the Ford reliability tour of 1927.

Working in the factory six days a week, it was necessary to do my flying on Sunday again, but I didn't fly every week, as I was saving my money to buy a plane of my own. So I started going without lunch. I had already been skipping breakfast for three years. Instead of eating I would spend the lunch period walking around the factory looking at the various airplane parts and noticing how they were constructed and thinking how I would make them. When I didn't go out to the field Sundays, I would help Jimmie Erickson, the flying photographer, develop pictures. He was making maps for various oil



"I made a pretty good landing, but the right wing continued to go down. Then something caught and the plane somersaulted over on to its back."

companies. The maps consisted of hundreds of large photos, made from an airplane flying 12,000 feet above the ground. By laying the photos next to each other you got a big picture of the ground the plane had been flying over.

Late in 1927 Mahoney bought two new OX5 Waco biplanes to replace the Jennys at the field. One Sunday I went out to fly and as I had not flown one of the Wacos yet, Instructor Carmichael rode around with me for a few landings to check me out. As the plane came to a stop and he got out, I heard a sort of grinding noise and, thinking it might be the motor, told him about it. We both loosened our helmets and listened but couldn't hear anything, so he said, "You're O. K., Doug. Just hold her straight on the ground with the rudder when you take off." So I opened the throttle and took off, with Carmichael watching me.

Just before the plane took to the air I felt the right wing go down and a shudder go through the plane. The nose had dipped down real low too, so I thought perhaps the wheel had gone through a low spot in the field, allowing the propeller to touch the ground. As it wouldn't have been wise to fly with a splintered prop, I closed the throttle and proceeded to land.

I made a pretty good landing, but the right wing continued to go way down. Then something caught and the plane somersaulted over on to its back. There was the plane, upside down, with me hanging by the safety belt. I unhooked the safety belt and, as this required the use of both hands, promptly fell on my head, after which I crawled out from under the plane and surveyed the wreckage in disgust. I thought I had made a bad landing.

Just then Carmichael came walking up the field with a wheel in his hand, which he had picked up off the ground several hundred feet back, and said, "I was watching you going straight down the field and saw the right wheel roll off just as the plane took the air."

So that was why the wing had dipped so low and why the plane nosed over after landing. Well, that made me feel better, because without knowing the wheel was off, most any one would have nosed over landing in sandy soil.

There was a good-sized crowd around the plane in a few minutes, so we rolled it off the field, to leave room for the landing of the Maddux air liner which was just arriving from Los Angeles. The Maddux Line had started just a few months before, using Ford trimotor all-metal monoplanes. The pilots were Larry Fritz, Doc Whitney, and George Allen. (The last-named had been my first flying instructor and was later with United Air Lines.)

In 1927 the United States Department of Commerce began licensing planes, pilots, and mechanics. As it wasn't compulsory unless you flew for hire between states, some of the fellows got licenses, some didn't. On the second visit of the inspector, Captain Parkin, to San Diego, a bunch of the fellows, including me, in the Mahoney factory took the airplane and engine mechanics tests. We all passed easily—any one could have passed the tests in those days—and in December, 1927, received our license cards.

It was on the night of June 3, 1928, that I saw Lindbergh for the second time since he had left San Diego that May 10, 1927, for New York and Paris. The other time had been when he visited San Diego on his nationwide tour just after returning to the United States.

This time I had gone out to the field with Jimmie Erickson, who was going to take some flashlight pictures of the tires on the special five-place cabin plane that had just been built for Mr. Lindbergh. The Spirit of St. Louis had been put in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., and this airplane, serial No. 69, had been built to special order. It had landing lights, brakes, starter, landing flares, and a lot of other gadgets.

Lindbergh and Mahoney were adjusting the landing light in the right wing, so I leaned back against the hangar doors, with my hands behind me, and watched them. Finally Lindbergh came walking toward the front of the plane, and when about two feet from me, held out his hand, with a smile on his face, and said, "Hello there! How are you?" It seemed like thirty seconds before I could get my hand out from behind my back and grab his hand and say, "Fine, thanks. How's yourself?" He replied, "All right. You're still with the company, I see." I answered, "Yeh, still here; welding now."

That handshake was my inspiration to keep trying, because in my estimation Lindbergh is the greatest character in the history of the world. Even greater than Lincoln.

During the next few months at my welding job I wanted to throw the torch down and go out and really start something. But my better judgment, or my timid nature, prevailed, so I just kept on, with my nose to the grindstone.

In October, 1928, a group of St. Louis business men bought the factory from Mahoney and decided to move the plant to Lambert Field, St. Louis. All of the 100 employees were invited to move with the factory, but about ninety-six others and myself decided not to go. During the year and eight months I had been working in the factory they had built 150 airplanes, practically all of which were powered with the Wright J-5 motor. I had worked on every one of them, from serial Nos. 28 to 178, and on the last hundred ships I welded the steel tubing in the fuselage sides. After moving to St. Louis the factory discontinued this model and started building the model powered with the Wright J-6 motor.

When the factory moved, I got a job as mechanic with the San Diego Air Service. Mr. I. N. Lawson was the owner and Doug Kelley the pilot of this new flying school that was just starting. The first few weeks were spent in finishing up the large new hangar that had been erected on the edge of the bay where the city was dredging up mud and sand to fill in Lindbergh Field, the new municipal airport.

My welding ability came in handy in the construction of various pieces of equipment needed for the planes and in building a wind sock. I used ball bearings on the pivots and I put a fin on top, so that even in the lightest breeze it would face into the wind. Today, after ten years' service, that same wind-sock frame is doing duty on top of the Airtech hangar—with a new cloth sleeve, of course. Also there were a few minor changes to make on the new Warner-powered Travelair biplane the company had just bought. In November we got the second Warner Travelair and the Airtech Flying School got started, with three students. A few months later there were over thirty students enrolled and four airplanes in operation.

During the time I worked for Airtech I took my salary out in flying time, and as these planes were licensed, it was necessary for me to get a pilot's license, which I did, being the first person to pass a license test at the new municipal airport.

ALL through 1929 the Airtech School was very busy. More than fifty students attended daily, flying and studying engines and airplanes. My job was the maintenance of the six airplanes the school was now operating, there being three Warner Travelairs, one J-5 Travelair, one Velie Monocoupe and one J-5 Ryan Brougham. Helping me with this work was a mechanic, Paul Wilcox, and two students. As each of these planes flew from four to eight hours a day, they required quite a bit of service and repair work, most of which had to be done at night, as the planes were in the air practically all day. My usual day ended at 10 P. M., but sometimes it was necessary to work longer, because the ships just had to be ready to go the next morning.

My only chance to fly was at noon, when all the other fellows were eating lunch, me not eating lunch anyway. Doug Kelley used always to say, "By golly, I've heard of guys who would rather fly than eat, but this is the first time I ever saw one." And Earl Mitchell would reply, "Why, he just lives on this wonderful California air." They both thought I was slightly balmy, especially Kelley, when he would see me go over and land in the sand behind the marine base, and then on the take-off pull a chandelle right off the ground.

A chandelle is a steep climbing turn, starting as soon as the plane is off the ground, in which you go over almost on your back and then roll over level. Kelley would watch me do about ten of these, one right after the other, and when I got back he'd bawl me out something fierce, and I'd always look surprised and say, "I didn't think it was dangerous." "You mean you just didn't think," Kelley would reply, and walk off in disgust. He threatened to have my license taken away, and then one day he said Mr. Lawson wouldn't let me fly the planes any more if I didn't stop. So after that I didn't do any more chandelles behind the marine base—I went down to a little field near the Mexican border and did them.

I'd heard a few pilots tell about having to make a landing down-wind when a motor stopped, so I thought it might be a good idea to practice a few to see if I could make one in an emergency. So one day, when there was a good fifteen-mile wind blowing, I went out to Camp Kearney, which is a hard gravel field, and proceeded to land with the wind, instead of against it. Well, the plane went on the ground so fast and rolled so far before stopping, that it scared me out of my wits. I thought, This'll never do. I better make another one to see if I can keep from getting scared. This time it landed just as fast, and rolled just as far, but I had known what to expect, so hadn't got scared. I thought then, Gosh, this is easy! I'll do another one, and get to be an expert.

Well, this time, after landing and while still rolling better than thirty miles an hour, the plane started turning; the rudder wouldn't straighten it out and there were no wheel brakes. The plane turned faster and tilted up on one wheel, scraping the wing tip along the ground. Then the tire blew out with a loud bang and the wing dug in the dirt, also the tail came up, and it looked like the plane was going over on its back—but it didn't.

I shut the engine off after the plane stopped, and climbed out to examine the damage. It wasn't so bad, just a flat tire and some fabric scraped off the wing; but I decided not to fly it back. I phoned the field and told them where I was, and where the plane was, and why. They were very much relieved to hear from me, as when I was an hour overdue they had sent all the planes out looking for me, because Kelley was sure that I had cracked up trying to do a chandelle.

At noon one day a few weeks later one of the boys I had known in the aircraft factory came down to the field and I told him I'd take him for a ride.

He said he had to go out in the back country where his partner was working on a road job, to take him his lunch. I said, "Let's fly out and drop it to him." "Do you think we can find him?" he asked. "Easy," I answered.

We flew out along the highway, found the partner and, circling low, dropped his lunch. Then I headed the plane back towards town. Just ahead was a small lake on which there was a rowboat with some fellows in it. As the plane was down low anyway, I flew over past the boat to see what they were doing, and continued on down the lake at a low altitude.

Then I happened to notice a lot of splashes in the water below the plane. They were caused by thousands of ducks that had been on the lake. Frightened by the noise of the plane's motor, they had started flying away. But the plane was faster, and as it passed over them the ducks, frightened more than ever, nosed down to escape and flew smack into the water, going under the surface. I looked back and saw them come up and immediately fly away in all directions.

WATCHING the ducks was so interesting, I came to the dam at the end of the lake kind of suddenly and had to zoom straight up to avoid hitting it. My friend, riding up front, who had closed his eyes so as not to see when we hit, opened them now and, seeing everything was all right, he turned around grinning and hollered, "That was sure swell flying." I thought so too . . . but not on purpose.

We got back to the field, and Kelley says, "Well, you sure fixed yourself this time! Flying a little low, weren't you?" I said, "Yeah. You see, it was—" He interrupted me with, "Better save your explaining for the game warden. He just called up and said, 'Some crazy flyer scared all the ducks away from Sweetwater reservoir.'" Now I realized who was in the rowboat I had noticed. "'And then,' the warden had continued, 'he scared me by almost flying through the dam, the damn fool.'"

During the next few weeks I sat on the gas truck at lunchtime, and thought about how nice it was going to be when I got to flying again. They had really grounded me, after the duck episode.

Due to construction work, Lindbergh Field got so many obstructions, like ditches, wagons, and other surfacing equipment, that Airtech moved the primary flight training to a field at Camp Kearney. So that the instructors wouldn't have to fly out the ten miles and then back again with each student, Airtech got a truck and let me haul the students out, several at a time, and wait while they got their flying lessons and then drive them in at noon. While out there I did any small repairs and service work that was necessary. The motors had a habit of busting off a rocker box occasionally, so there was usually some work to be done.

(Continued on page 24)

The News Traveled Fast Plymouth's Got It!

BIGGER VALUE
Lower Prices

THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH IS THE TALK OF THE U.S.A. –HERE'S WHY IT'S CALLED THE CAR OF THE YEAR!

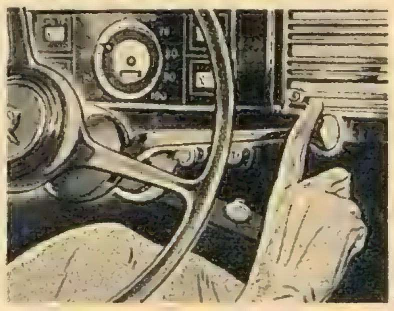
1. Greater Size—114-in. Wheelbase
2. New High-Torque Engine Performance with New Economy
3. Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting—marvelous new ease
4. New Auto-Mesh Transmission
5. New Amola Steel Coil Springs
6. New "Safety Signal" Speedometer
7. New Streamlined Safety Headlamps
8. Time-proven Hydraulic Brakes
9. Floating Power Engine Mountings
10. Rust-proofed All-Steel Body

"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

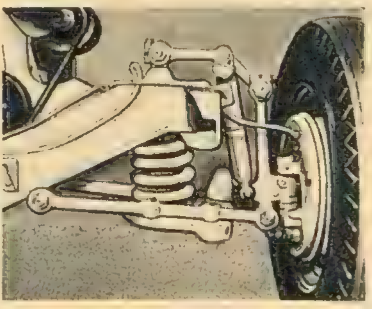
1939 PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" Two-Door Touring Sedan with thrilling new High-Torque engine performance and new economy!

PLYMOUTH's new ride—new luxury and safety—are the talk of the automobile world!

And Plymouth is remarkably easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. Much easier.



NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs give Plymouth its wonderful, new smooth ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.

EASY TO BUY

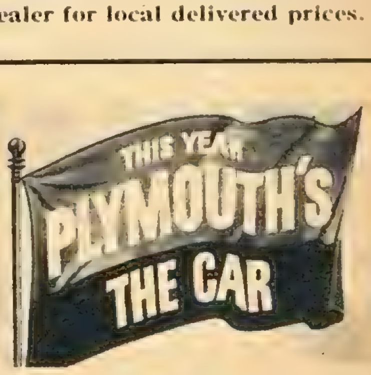
CONVENIENT TERMS

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cu. ft.). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



(Continued from page 22) One day as I was starting an engine the propeller kicked back and broke a finger on my right hand. Not being able to do much with a finger in splints and wanting a vacation anyway, I told them Clark could handle the job all right for a while. On the day before I was due back on the job, one of the students was practicing landings in the Monocoupe at Camp Kearney. Clark had gone up in the plane with Goodman. Something had happened and the plane crashed and both were killed. I often thought afterwards, if I had just come back to work one day sooner—but that's something you can't foresee.

A fellow named Verne Sheunman had bought a Warner Travelair through Airtech and burned out the bearings in the motor when he ran out of oil flying over Ajo, Arizona. He took the motor out and shipped it to San Diego, where we overhauled it and shipped it back by train. I went back with Verne to install the motor. After working all day Saturday, I drove with Verne and his father all night, arriving at Ajo Sunday morning. We got the motor installed before dark. Verne stayed over to fly the plane back the next day, and his father and I started driving back that night, so I could be at work in the morning.

Early Monday morning I drove into some hills just east of Yuma, but don't know how I got through them to where the car ran off the road out into the desert, waking me up as it did so. A truck came along just before sunrise and pulled the car up on the road again, and I didn't feel a bit sleepy driving the rest of the way to San Diego. That showed me how long I could or couldn't go without sleep.

In July, 1929, I determined to hurry up and get my transport pilot's license, so I could quit being a mechanic and get a job as a pilot; so for the next few months I flew as much as possible. I made three round-trip flights to Los Angeles and got in some practice in the five-place Ryan cabin plane. Then in October I got twelve hours of night flying in the Warner Travelair and the J-5 Travelair.

A student named Wakefield was getting ready to take his test too, so we flew on the same nights.

Airtech had a powerful landing light on a trailer that they towed out to Camp Kearney and pointed down the runway we were to use. Wakefield and I would take off from Lindbergh Field after eight o'clock, he in one ship and I in another. After arriving at Camp Kearney we would make a few landings and fly around until nine o'clock; then we would land and change planes. In that way both of us were able to fly both ships each night. The night flying was more fun than day flying, but those twelve miles between the two fields looked awful black and a motor failure would have meant a bad crack-up. One night I climbed the J-5 job up to ten thousand feet altitude and saw the glow of the lights of Los Angeles, a hundred miles away.

One day one of the instructors was telling a group of students about how he used to do a lot of upside-down flying. I listened awhile and said, "That sounds easy to me." He said, "Oh, yeah? Were you ever on your back?" I had to answer, "No." So he said, "Just try to stay upside down for thirty seconds sometime and you'll see how hard it is." To which I replied, "O. K.; I'll try it right now."

As I sat in the plane, climbing up to 2,500 feet, I thought, Gosh, I always wanted to do this but never had the nerve. Now I've got to do it! As soon as I reached 2,500 I pulled the plane over for the start of a loop and then shoved the stick forward, and was surprised to find the plane actually was upside down. I kept putting the stick ahead or back just enough to keep the nose on the horizon, and then started counting the thirty seconds.

Well, I must have lost count, because when I pulled out in a half loop I was less than 1,000 above the ground. Then I looked at my watch and saw it had been more than a minute. When I got back down on the ground, why, to hear those students talk you'd have thought I was the best flyer in the world. So did I.

In the summer of 1929 my brother Harry came down from Los Angeles and worked for the Russell Parachute Company for two months. While he was in San Diego he went up in the planes with me quite often and occasionally I gave him some flying instructions. After the summer vacation period ended he went back to the University of California at Los Angeles, where he was studying aeronautical engineering.

Inspector Jimmy Noll came to San Diego on his regular trip in October, and as I was all ready for the transport examination, I got a list of questions and started writing. I took the papers up to him, and he said, "All through already? Sure you didn't skip any questions?" I replied, "No; I answered them all." The other fellows were only half finished, so I went back to the hangar to work.

Then in the afternoon I was lucky with my flight test, too. The spins came out right on the dot, the landings were near the mark, and on the flight when the inspector rode in the plane with me the landing was so smooth it was impossible to tell when the plane went on the ground. The inspector looked around, surprised, and when we got out of the plane he said, "That was all right; now we'll go see how you did on the written exam." He corrected the papers and said, "The lowest you made in any subject was 90 and you got 96 in meteorology and 98 in navigation. You've passed a very good test."

I thought to myself, after studying hard and practicing flying for over three years I should pass a very good test.

Now I was a pilot—and just in time, too. Mr. Lawson had decided to open a branch field in Palm Springs for the winter months, and he was sending me up there as assistant pilot and chief mechanic.

In the coming installment of this self-told life story Corrigan describes the thrills and hairbreadth escapes of his barnstorming days in the East; his contacts with Chamberlin and other famous flyers and how they fired his ambition. Read it in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS

1—The early photo (right) is of a fashion plate now concerned with tomorrow's world. He was a mayor's secretary, a greeter, a store executive, an NRA administrator, and a distiller's board chairman. Aloysius is his middle name. Who?

2—Whose historic raid took place at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia?

3—Male and female rabbits are called what?

4—Where is the lead in a pencil?

5—Was the first can of beer sold in 1889, 1907, 1932, or 1935?

6—If a trout fisherman carries a reel, who carries a creel?

7—Which of the following well known men have the wrong initials preceding their names: R. H. Chamberlain, D. L. George, J. E. Hoover, J. H. Tugwell?

8—Who in the Bible ate a little book?

9—Do common skunks make good pets?

10—In a building that is burning, is the smoke thinner near the floor or near the ceiling?

11—What style of pointed beard did doctors formerly favor?

12—The world depends upon which country for the bulk of its supply of nitrate of soda?

13—Which word unquestionably contains all the vowels?

14—Who said, "Give 'em hell, Captain Bragg!" and was nominated for President?

15—Formerly Princeton University was called the College of what?

16—Early typewriters wrote what kind of letters?

17—The organ of speech is called what?

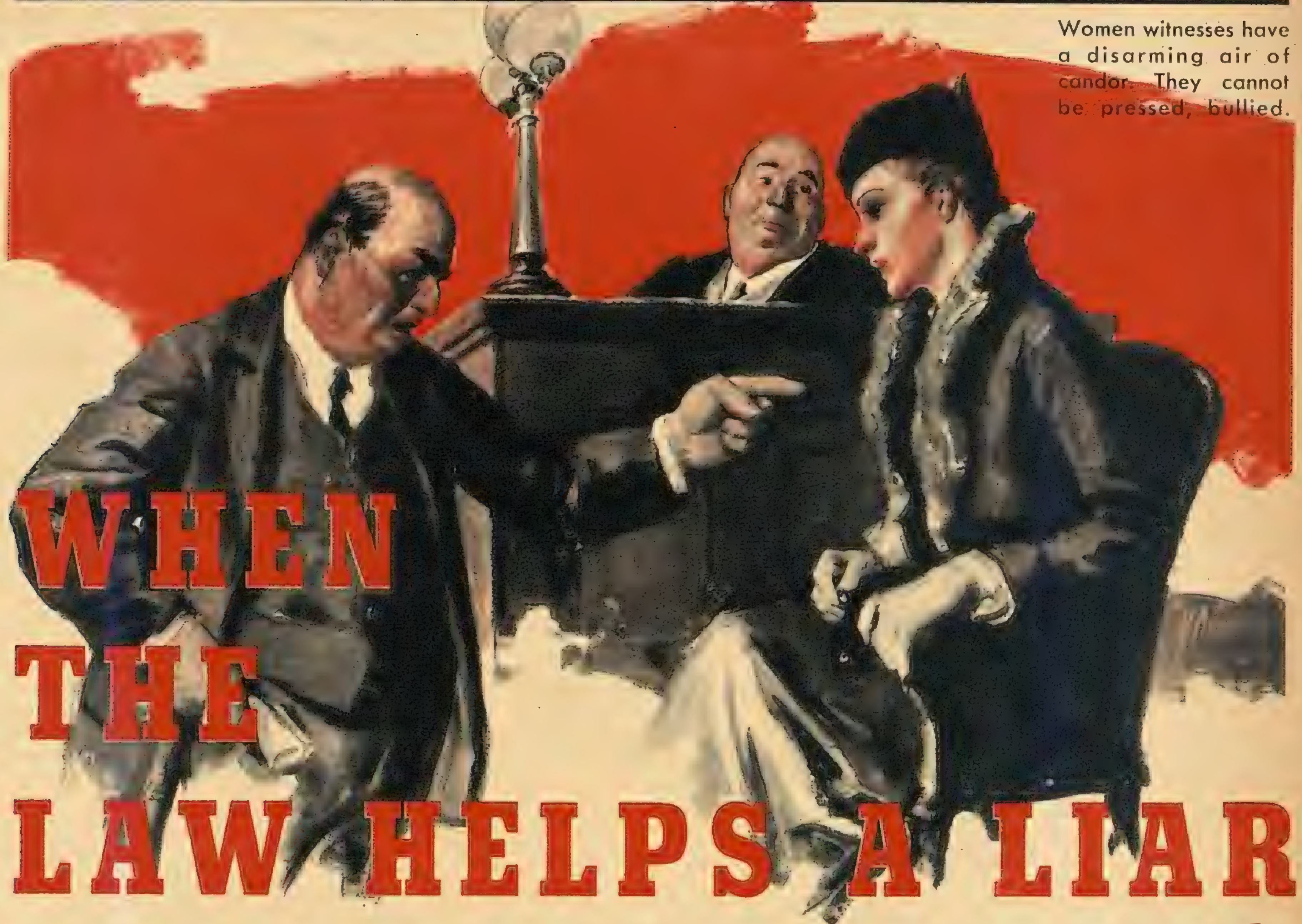
18—In the sports world, who are or were known as Poker Face, Snapper, and the Wild Bull of the Pampas?

19—What food is good for cleaning soiled wallpaper?

20—Who is medical counselor to the Maple Leaf's multiple celebrities?

(Answers will be found on page 27)

MISTRIAL! The Uncensored Facts About Judges, Technicalities, and Justice



Women witnesses have a disarming air of candor. They cannot be pressed, bullied.

WHEN THE LAW HELPS A LIAR

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

In Liberty last week Mr. Jackson termed the Hines mistrial in New York City a famous case "wrecked by legal technicalities in defiance of the people's will," and predicted that Justice Pecora's ruling would prove to be the last straw that would break the back of legal quibbling. He went on to discuss such technicalities in general, and their exploitation.

What price truth in our courts? A lawyer gives you an eye-opening look at some paradoxes of perjury

By PERCIVAL E. JACKSON

Member New York Bar. Special Assistant to Attorney General, New York State, 1930; to U. S. Attorney General, 1934. Attorney to U. S. Senate Special Committee to Investigate Receiverships, etc., 1936. Member New York City, State, and American Bar Associations.

THE one incontestable fact that the Hines prosecution has proved to the man in the street is that our method of conducting a legal trial is still a method of trial and error.

During those futile four weeks of controversy newspapers repeatedly commented and cartooned concerning the very considerable portion of the time spent during each day by court and counsel on technical questions. One newspaper artist showed judge, counsel, witness, and jurors bound round in a welter of red tape.

A trial proceeds as though it were a mere game. The apparent object of the game is to ascertain not who is in the right but who has most successfully complied with the rules. The umpires are the judge and the jury. The judge announces the rules, the jury (or sometimes the judge) decides who wins.

Each witness tells what he claims is the truth, though his story is usually directly at variance with what a witness on the other side says. None of the witnesses can tell all he knows, nor can he tell it in his own way and to the best advantage. The lawyer on his side tries to suggest by questions what he should say; the lawyer on the other side tries to make him say something other than what he wants to say. Each lawyer tries to induce the jury not to regard anything the other lawyer or his witnesses say.

The judge's task is to keep the lawyers from bamboozling the jury completely. He tries to enforce the rules and to help the jury see the case as he sees it. But the judge must not do this openly. He is supposed to stick to the rule end of the business, so he has to convey his impressions of the fact to the jury by shrugs of the shoulder, lifted eyebrows, facial expressions, and other nuances that do not appear in the stenographer's record.

At the same time, the lawyer on each side is trying to get the jury angry or disgusted with the other side, for reasons which may or may not have anything to do with the case. How well he does this determines how good a trial lawyer he is.

When he is selecting the jury, he questions the prospective jurors at length in order that he may discover the men who may be prejudiced against his client or his case and those who may be prejudiced against the other side. The first he excuses, the latter he welcomes.

In criminal and divorce cases everybody expects lying. A man who is fighting for his life or his liberty is not expected to sacrifice either for an undue sense of honor respecting a mere oath. A corespondent in a divorce suit is esteemed a cad if he fails to lie like a gentleman. Our whole system of divorce is based upon lies and only liars can meet its requirements.

Women witnesses make consummate perjurers. They have a disarming air of candor. They cannot be pressed or bullied without exciting the jury's indignation. They answer as they please. Nor is any class or sect above perjury. Judge Joseph N. Ulman of Baltimore, in an article on perjury in the courts, wrote that some of the most shameless lying he ever listened to was done by rival groups of religious trustees in a contest over the control of a church property.

When it suits their purposes, even prosecutors use admitted perjurers and ask juries to be tolerant of their past perjuries while accepting their present word. A striking example of this occurred in the Hines case, when District Attorney Dewey himself told the jury, in his opening, that he was relying on self-confessed perjurers who he knew had lied on other occasions.

Ordinarily a trial for perjury simply offers opportunity for more perjury. Prosecutions for perjury are also difficult because, contrary to common assumption, the failure to tell the truth is not always perjury. To commit perjury in most jurisdictions, not only must one lie deliberately but the lie must be told in the course of a legal proceeding and the matter lied about must be something of consequence in the proceeding.

One of the principal duties of law administrators has always been—or should have been—to deal with liars, to detect them, and out of the welter of their lies to segregate an approximation of truth and from it to forge a measure of justice. No method has succeeded in checking perjury, and our own trusting method of administrating an oath is even more futile than most. The theory of the oath is to call the attention of God to the witness, so that if he lies God may punish him or the District Attorney may. Most people have proved to their own satisfaction that neither the Deity nor the District Attorney is to be feared in this connection.

Both the petty shyster and the prominent lawyer, ostensibly above reproach, who actually stoops to legal shenanigan will be very frankly discussed by Mr. Jackson in an early issue.

The method of administering the oath indicates no official faith in its efficacy. When an adult witness takes the stand, the following is mumbled by the clerk:

"Raise y'right han'. The testimony y'ar about t'give will be th' trut' th' whole trut' and nothin' but th' trut' s'help y'God kiss the book."

When a child takes the stand, this may occur:

Judge: What is your name, sonny?

Witness: Bobby.

Judge: Now, Bobby, do you know why you're here?

Witness (who has been thoroughly coached): Yes, sir.

Judge: Why?

Witness: To tell the truth about what I am asked.

Judge: Do you know what happens if you lie?

Witness: Yes, sir.

Judge: What happens, Bobby?

Witness (brightly remembering his piece and enjoying the opportunity to use forbidden language): I go to hell.

Judge: Proceed, counselor; the witness is qualified.

The oath is notoriously ineffectual in eliciting the truth from interested witnesses. These include the witnesses who are hired to testify—so-called alienists, handwriting, ballistic, medical, and a variety of other "experts." This latter class of witnesses are given legal carte blanche to sell their testimony for pay and to lie at will; for they are allowed to testify to their opinions, and no man can be brought to book for saying what he thinks.

The testimony of even an honest expert is to indulge in wishful thinking and to stretch the probabilities to favor the side that calls him. It is never very difficult to get an expert to testify "con" to combat the testimony of an expert who has testified "pro."

In the Hines trial a handwriting expert testified that an endorsement was placed on a check after it had been cashed. His opinion was largely based upon the theory that ink will flow from a new mark into an old intersecting mark, although there are a variety of contradictions of this probability, as he admitted on cross-examination.

The same expert claimed to be able to tell whether a memorandum had been written while taking down an overheard telephone conversation.

The average amateur witness suffers from difficulties of self-expression. And an otherwise honest witness is often mistaken in his testimony for psychological reasons. It is a practical impossibility to take in a complicated situation in a moment. When an accident happens, it is usually over before one knows it has happened. Afterthought reconstructs it.

Daily we encounter news such as this headline from the New York Sun: New Trial Won by Convicted Man. Witness with Conscience Withdraws Identification. On the stand the witness was positive about the identification, contradicting seventeen persons who agreed that the defendant was home and asleep.

How the law can expect a witness to remember facts and even details for the three, four, or five years it sometimes takes to reach a case for trial is properly beyond lay comprehension.

Hines' counsel spent hours of his cross-examination in showing that prosecution witnesses were incorrect in their recollection of time, that they had given varying answers in fixing months, days, and even hours, and that they had varied in testifying to conversations which had occurred several years before. Defense counsel was unsparing in his denunciation of these witnesses, intimating and charging before the jury that the variances in their recollections of the specific time of specific occurrences and the variances in language indicated that they were testifying falsely.

Yet when Dewey called Max D. Steuer, long one of America's leading trial lawyers, an astute cross-examiner renowned for his extraordinary memory, the following amusing reflection upon lawyers on and off the stand occurred:

The prosecutor asked if Mr. Steuer had had a specific conversation with the defendant.

"I did," answered the witness.

"Can you mention the month in which that conversation took place?"

"No, I cannot."

"Mr. Steuer, you have the most famous memory of the New York bar, haven't you?"

"I don't believe there has ever been a competitive test to determine that," interrupted Judge Pecora.

"I haven't heard any evidence," answered Mr. Steuer, "that the best memory at the New York bar could tell whether a conversation took place in 1933 or not."

"Well, you can't tell us whether it was in 1932 or in 1933?"

"I cannot. I wish that I could. . . ."

"You have given us your best recollection?"

"I haven't any recollection. That is my trouble."

Steuer testified that Hines had said: "I am not interested." Thereupon Dewey, who had taken a statement from the witness previously in which those words did not occur, asked: "Did you ever say that Hines said, 'I am not interested' before? You didn't say that?"

"No. I doubt whether I was ever asked. But it wouldn't make any difference whether I said it before or not. You must understand, Mr. Dewey, I don't want this jury to believe, I don't want his Honor nor you to believe, or anybody else to believe, that I am trying to pretend that I remember the words that anybody else used, if it was in 1933 or 1932."

Sometimes a witness holds back important facts simply because he has been instructed only to answer questions he is asked.

Under our method of cross-examination, an honest witness is sometimes driven into a lie which he fears to recant. He feels he must not discredit himself, and finds it necessary to build lie on lie.

There are a number of stock questions on cross-examination that often trip a normally honest witness.

"Did you talk this over with any one before you came here?" is an almost automatic question. In nine cases out of ten the witness says: "Yes, sir." "With whom?" he is asked. "With the lawyer," he answers. In the tenth case the witness, who has otherwise testified honestly, will reason thus: If I say yes, the jury'll think

I'm telling a fake story, that I was put up to it by the lawyer"; so he answers, "No."

This is the God-sent opportunity of the opposing lawyer. "Didn't you talk to the plaintiff before you took the stand?"

The witness hesitates. "No, sir."

"Or to his lawyer?"

Again he hesitates. "No, sir."

He is lying, knows it and shows it.

"Or to any one else?"

"No, sir."

"Can you tell us, please, how you came to be subpoenaed? . . . Can you tell us, please, how plaintiff knew you would or could testify for him?"

The witness is destroyed with the jury, which knows that no competent lawyer puts a witness on the stand without going over his testimony with him.

Granting that a witness would tell a straightforward story, the fact is that he is not given a chance. He may not tell his story in his own way; he must tell it as the law tells him to. He is often confined to answering questions "yes" or "no."

He may not say, "I made an agreement with him"; he may only say what he told the other person and what the latter told him. Though he cannot recall the exact words of a conversation, he may not give its substance; he must testify to words as though they were really spoken.

He may be interrupted and badgered by lawyers, judges, and jurors; he may be rebuked, ridiculed, and insulted until in resentment and confusion he adheres to the rules rather than to the truth.

As one witness put it: "There's no place for the honest witness in the courts; they don't want them and they won't believe them. An experienced witness is like a salesman; he gives the customers what they want; if he hasn't got it, he makes it up for them."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Grover A. Whalen.

2—John Brown's.

3—Bucks and does.

4—In the paint on the pencil's surface (the "lead" being graphite).

5—1935.

6—A trout fisherman (a creel being the wickerware basket hopeful anglers carry).

7—N. Chamberlain; R. G. Tugwell.

8—The author of Revelation 10:10—"And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up."

9—Yes. If young when captured, they develop into gentle, affectionate pets. A slight operation to remove their scent sacs, however, is advisable.

10—Near the floor (therefore crawl or stoop to the nearest exit!).

11—The Vandyke.

12—Chile.

13—Unquestionably.

14—General Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States.

15—New Jersey.

16—Capitals only.

17—The larynx.

18—Helen Wills Moody; Edward Garrison; Luis Angel Firpo.

19—Freshly baked bread; the paper should be rubbed with thick slices.

20—

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

Fight a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica

GIRL: Really, Brother? You're going to take *me* to your Christmas Dance? But the way I'm sneezing and coughing, I'll spend Christmas in bed.

BOY: Not if I can help it! You're going to take a very special laxative, Sis—Sal Hepatica.

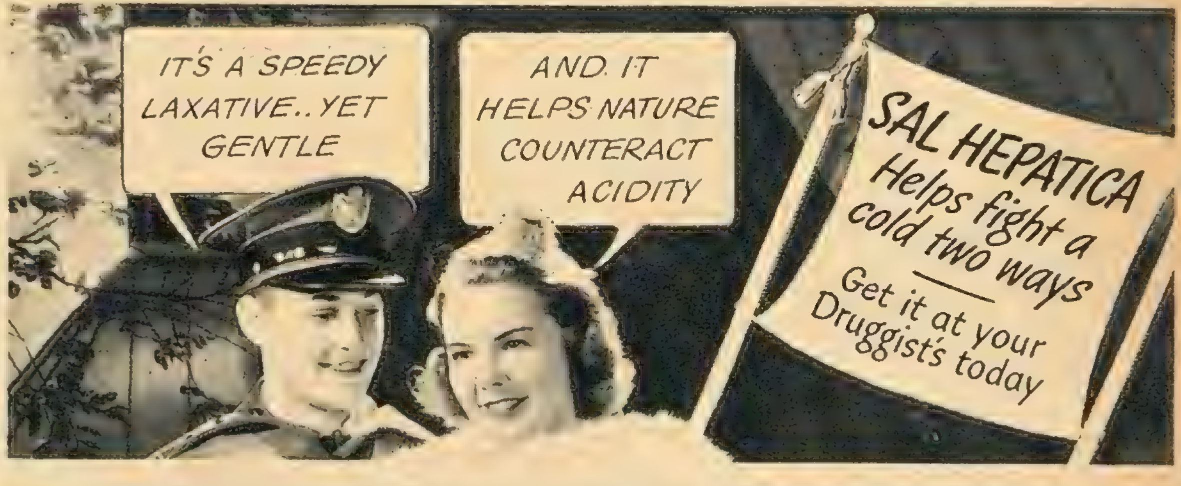
GIRL: Special? How's Sal Hepatica different from other laxatives?

BOY: Our coach says it's different two ways. First, it's a gentle yet speedy laxative—and speed is important in warding off a cold. Second, it helps old Dame Nature counteract acidity—helps build up your alkaline reserve. Savvy?

AT THE DANCE

BOY: Say, they've been mobbing you, Sis! Thought I'd cut in to see what it's all about.

GIRL: Just me. I feel so good, I'm irresistible. But, honest, am I glad you knew about Sal Hepatica, or I might be home in bed this minute! No wonder Sal Hepatica is so popular for chasing a cold.



IT'S A SPEEDY LAXATIVE.. YET GENTLE
AND IT HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY
SAL HEPATICA Helps fight a cold two ways
Get it at your Druggist's today

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"- Wednesday 9 P. M., E. S. T.

"ALL DAILIES—Rush"

BY JOHN RHODES STURDY

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

IT was almost two o'clock in the morning when Katie gave Mike a resounding smack between the shoulder blades—she had vainly tried less drastic methods. Katie felt that it was a shame to wake him out of such a sound sleep. She loved him very much, and she had thought when he joined the West Steamship Company that these inhuman telephone calls at all hours of the day and night had come to an end forever.

"The Associated Press is on the line," she told him.

Mike looked at her soft brown hair and her gray eyes, and rolled over again.

"Mike, you'd better answer."

"Aw, all right!"

He hoisted himself out of bed, gave her a sleepy kiss on the cheek, and stumbled out of the bedroom, trying to straighten his pajamas. Katie followed him.

"Yes?" he muttered into the telephone.

"This is Carson," said a voice that sounded in a hurry. "Your ship the Lady of Norfolk's reported on fire off the Nova Scotia coast. Whadda you know, Bowen?"

"I don't know anything," said Mike, rubbing his eyes.

"We can't raise any of your officials. Get us something, will ya?"

"What time was your bulletin?"

"One o'clock from Sydney."

"I'll call you back," said Mike, and hung up. Rubbing his head, he grinned ruefully at his wife. "One of our passenger boats on fire. And me, I was having the swellest dream, all about a dark-haired girl at the Mardi Gras."

Katie came and sat on his knee. "Well—maybe she wasn't dark-haired," said Mike, inspecting her.

The telephone rang. It was Jordan of the Globe. Mike had worked under him once.

"Your Lady of Norfolk's on fire. There's a bulletin . . ."

"So they tell me," said Mike. "Hold still, Jordan, and I'll get the whole story."

"Yeah?" said the voice.

"Yeah," said Mike.

He hung up again and, pushing Katie gently off his knee, searched for a number in the telephone book. He dialed and waited.

"Hello?" he said. "Hello. Is that Mr. Williamson?"

The vice-president in charge of traffic of the West Steamship Company answered in the affirmative.

"This is Michael Bowen. The papers are after me for a statement on a fire aboard the Lady of Norfolk. Have you been in touch with the ship, sir?"

At the other end of the line there was the sound of a throat being cleared. "Bowen—hum—it seems to me that publicity of this sort at the moment is not altogether wise. Merely a slight accident—nothing for the papers to worry about."

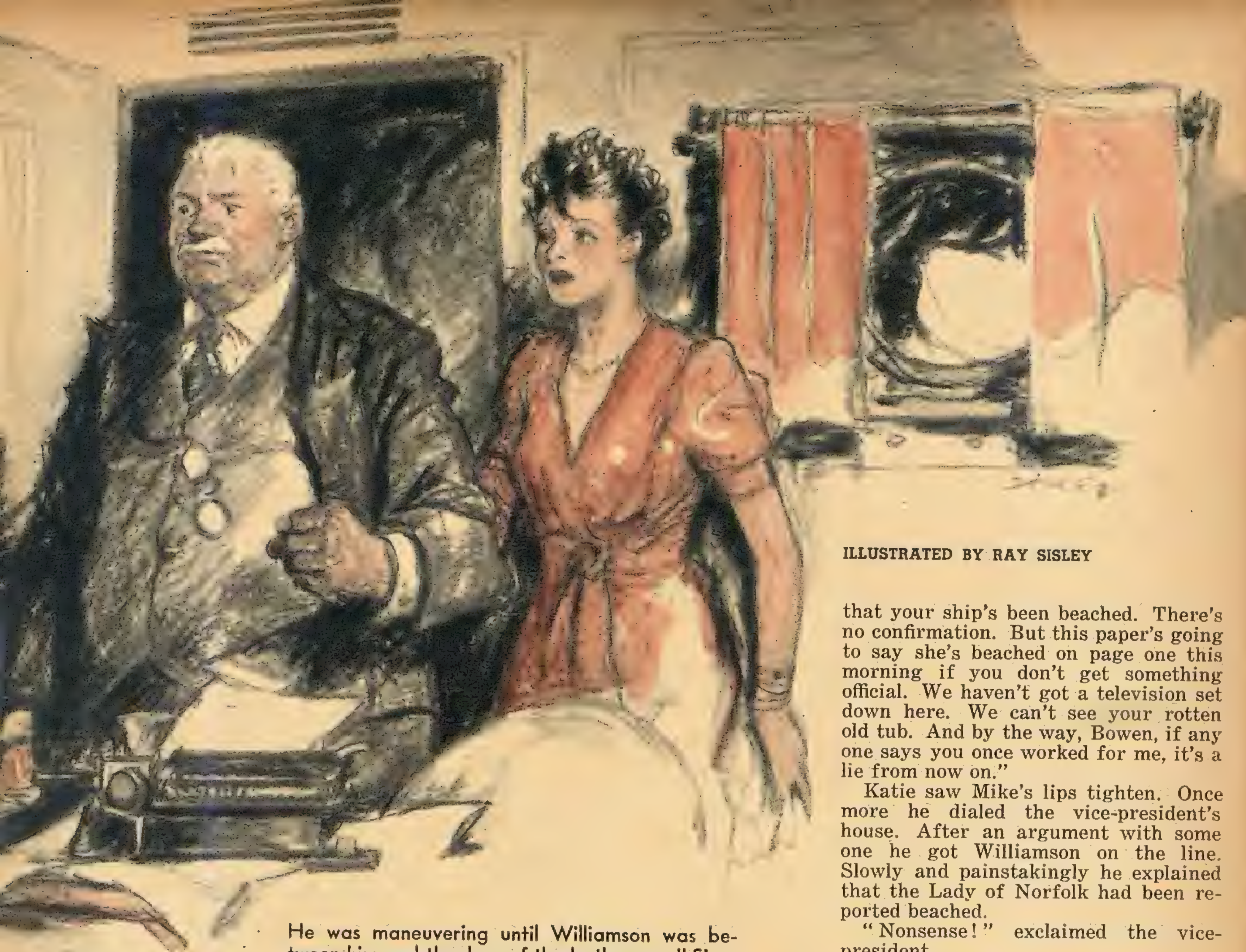
Mike put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Will you get me a glass of milk out of the icebox?" he asked Katie. Then: "Well, Mr. Williamson, the Associated Press has a bulletin from Sydney, N. S. I think, under the circumstances, we'd do well to get our story in as soon as possible. You see—"

"But really, Bowen, there isn't any news in this thing. Something of the sort might happen any day."

Mike took a deep breath. "I quite understand that, Mr. Williamson," he said slowly, "but the papers have the story, or part of the story, already. The Nova Scotia coast is a long way off. Reports can be easily garbled. I think, Mr. Williamson . . ."

"There's no cause for you to get excited, Bowen. There's no cause for the papers to get excited. Strangely enough, Bowen, every time one of our ships gets into a little trouble the papers seem to pounce on it. I imagine you're employed to stop that sort of thing."

Mike reached out and took the glass from Katie. He



ILLUSTRATED BY RAY SISLEY

He was maneuvering until Williamson was between him and the door of the bathroom. "Sing, Katie!" Mike ordered. "Sing like a fool!"

swallowed a mouthful of milk. "Yes, Mr. Williamson."

Katie sat on a chair and rested her chin in her hands. She whispered: "You sound like a yes man."

Mike grimaced at her. "Yes, Mr. Williamson," he said, and returned the receiver to its hook.

The telephone rang again. It was Jordan of the Globe, and Jordan was losing patience.

"We're trying to get in touch with the ship," said Mike. "She's a long way off, you know."

He attempted to finish his milk before the next call. This time the Associated Press was losing patience. "We're trying to get in touch with the ship," he murmured automatically. He said the same to various other people who called.

A story with thrills—and the kind of wife all men would like to have!

Mike accepted a lighted cigarette from the hands of Katie, and smiled at her. Katie, he thought, was stabilizing. Katie was understanding. You needed some one like that when the vice-president in charge of traffic was playing the old, old game of trying to keep news out of the newspapers.

He called the Williamson house again. He knew that Williamson was in touch with the ship; he knew that this promised to be a repetition of countless other occasions when he had tried to explain that steamship companies had to play ball with editors.

The line was busy. He smoked five cigarettes while he listened to abuse from Jordan and the other morning papers. "Listen," said Jordan. "There's a report now that your ship's been beached. There's no confirmation. But this paper's going to say she's beached on page one this morning if you don't get something official. We haven't got a television set down here. We can't see your rotten old tub. And by the way, Bowen, if any one says you once worked for me, it's a lie from now on."

Katie saw Mike's lips tighten. Once more he dialed the vice-president's house. After an argument with some one he got Williamson on the line. Slowly and painstakingly he explained that the Lady of Norfolk had been reported beached.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the vice-president.

"Will you deny the report?"

"Yes, naturally. But, Bowen, this is ridiculous!"

Mike called the papers. Jordan said: "Bowen, I'm saving a nice little corner in my wastebasket for your publicity releases. Who the devil do you think your company is, anyway, giving us the run-around?"

The Associated Press said, "Right," and that was all. Mike knew what it meant. He rose wearily to his feet and took hold of Katie by the shoulders. "I once was liked in this town," he murmured. "I could drink beer with city editors and reporters, and even though I was a press agent, sometimes they wouldn't let me pay the check. I love you, Katie."

He kissed her, and Katie, watching him shuffle off to bed, bit her lip and felt sorry for him.

The vice-president in charge of traffic was on the telephone again. Katie called out to Mike.

"Tell him I'm pie-eyed," a muffled voice answered.

"Mr. Bowen has just passed out," said Katie into the telephone.

THE Globe had the story on the front page, with the report of the beaching up in the lead and Williamson's denial under it in parentheses. "The vice-president was unable to give any details," it ended.

Mike's assistant, Jerry, met him in the office with a worried look. "Things are popping around here. The Old Man himself has complained. It seems the fire was nothing—all over in a jiffy. Williamson is hopping."

Mike went to see Williamson.

"Where do the papers get these reports?" the vice-president demanded. And when Mike attempted to explain, he cut him short. "Splendid sort of publicity man you are!"

Mike did not get to see the Old Man, because the head of the West Steamship Company was protected against such things as minor employees. But it appeared that the Old Man did not like the Globe's story on the Lady of Norfolk.

Mike learned the worst when he entered Harry's for his midafternoon snack. Usually he sat with his old newspaper friends around a big table in the corner. It was some satisfaction to Mike that they had not dropped him. Most times when a man left the racket he became an outsider—some one with the tint of stranger about him, just a little removed from the circle.

There was quite a crowd around the big table this afternoon. The men had been talking furiously, but a silence fell over the group when Mike sat down. He saw hats being pushed back and brows contracting.

It was useless explaining that Williamson was the boss and Mike Bowen had to jump every time he shouted. Newspapermen were up against the same thing with their advertising and business departments, but why mention that? He was a press agent. It was his job to play fair with the papers.

So he had a beer—a quick beer—and left.

In the days that followed, he saw the wreckage left of his copy by marine editors with a grudge in their hearts and a soft black pencil between their fingers. He was not getting his usual space. The names of the West Company's ships were dropped here and there from stories in which they ordinarily would have appeared. Other lines were getting the longer passenger lists, the breaks on features. Editors were polite to him. No longer did they berate him good-naturedly.

His own company started to complain. What was Bowen doing with his time? Where was the publicity the West steamships had come to expect as a matter of course? How much were they paying this press relations fellow, anyway?

Mike did not go to Harry's any more.

The sight of him, sick and tired and fed up with his life, made Katie's heart ache for him. They had been together for five years, and it had been a gay five years. One did not stay young forever.

"Mike," she asked, "why don't you quit, and we'll take our chances like we used to do?"

But he shook his head. He thought: She's not going to finish up in a one-room apartment with a bottle of milk and a ham sandwich for supper.

THE Williamson incident was still very much in his mind when the company scheduled a passenger ship, the Lady of Lyons, on a special cruise from New York around the coast and up the St. Lawrence to Quebec. It was something new for the West Steamship Company and the advertising department spent a good deal of money on it. The cruise was booked to capacity.

Mike had to go along, and Katie decided to accompany him. Her decision was largely ruled by the fact that Arthur Williamson, vice-president in charge of traffic, was making this round-the-coast run his personal pet and intended to travel with the cruise party. Katie was not sure about Mike. He had been acting queerly, and Mike was likely to do rash things when he was feeling that way.

It was pretty bad from the beginning. Mike remarked to Katie that you could count the sober passengers on your finger tips. But his bedroom steward tried to convince Mike that this was nothing compared to West Indies cruises. And there were compensations, like walking the decks in the evening with Katie and watching the moonbeams dancing on the waters. Mike almost reached the point where he was ready to forget the West Steamship Company and space in the newspapers. But Arthur Williamson did not allow him to remain long in that blissful state. The vice-president in charge of traffic suddenly woke up to the fact that the company's so-called press agent was aboard.

First there was trouble over publicity pictures. Did Bowen intend to wait until the cruise was over? Or perhaps this voyage—this very important innovation of the line—was to be kept a secret?

"Steady!" Katie cautioned, seeing the danger signal in Mike's eye.

Williamson managed to encounter him once or twice a day. "This is quite a vacation for you, Bowen," he would say, or: "Weren't you a reporter once, Bowen? You seem to have given up writing lately, haven't you?"

"I'll try to oblige with a story one of these days," Mike told him, slowly boiling.

"Fine, fine! I'll enjoy reading it."

They were in the St. Lawrence River on their last afternoon out from Quebec when Mike took Katie to the bar for a cocktail. The rest of the passengers were playing some kind of game in the lounge—those who were still capable of playing games.

Sammy the bartender greeted them cordially. They sat on stools at the bar, and Mike glowered at the rows of bottles back of Sammy's head. Katie jumped with nervousness as a deep-throated blast of the ship's whistle suddenly cut the air.

"We're in fog," Sammy remarked. "But we'll be in Quebec sometime in the early hours of the morning. We should be off Father Point, the pilot station, in a little while. That's about a hundred and fifty miles from Quebec. Mr. Bowen," he said, leaning over the bar and speaking in a suddenly subdued voice, "this isn't any of my business, perhaps, but I don't like him anyway and you might like to know. Mr. Williamson was in here today, trying to pump me. He wanted to know if you had been spending much time here drinking."

MIKE set down his glass with a crack on the bar. He looked at Sammy. Then he looked at Katie. "That's the finish. I'm through!"

She nodded.

"Do you mind very much?"

"No, Mike."

"I'm a good newspaperman."

"Yes, Mike; I don't blame you."

Mike turned again to Sammy. "Can you make these things double?" he asked, indicating his drink.

"And these?" Katie added.

The foghorn drowned out Sammy's answer. But it appeared that he could make them double, and very efficiently, too, Mike and Katie told him after a while. Mike began to feel unconcerned about everything but Katie. He started to tell Sammy about their honeymoon. Katie murmured: "Dearie me, I haven't felt so perfectly sentimental in years. It must be the sea air."

Some time later Mike said: "These are very soothing on the throat," and asked Sammy to make it double again.

"It's the germicidal action," suggested Katie.

It was still later when Mike called a boy and told him to go up and tell the captain to stop blowing the foghorn. It was disturbing Mike's train of thought. And the boy, who was an old hand in circumstances like this, saluted smartly and marched away. Sammy was growing nervous. "Look, Mr. Bowen," he said. "I was just thinking, if Mr. Williamson walked in—"

"He'd be satisfied, wouldn't he?" asked Mike. "But please, Sammy, my boy, let's not speak of things distasteful."

And then it happened. A crash, the thunder of steel being ripped from its rivets, and a great vessel shuddering under the impact of collision.

Mike was thrown against the bar, striking his elbow on the rail, and he winced from the pain of it. Katie had fallen to the deck, bits of broken glass on her dress and in her hair. Bottles were shattered over the head of Sammy, who instinctively ducked. The ship rocked and groaned like a thing alive as she came to a sudden stop. The whistle was sounding short quick blasts.

Mike grasped one of the stools for support, leaned over, and pulled Katie to her feet. She wiped a little trickle of blood from her forehead calmly. They could hear screams and shouts. Sammy vaulted the bar. The screams were growing louder and more frequent. Sammy spoke crisply: "Please go to your cabin. We may be in a little trouble."

Mike stared at him. Sammy was no longer a bartender;

he was an officer. His voice was unhurried but authoritative. He moved as though he were certain of what he was about to do.

Mike walked with Katie to the door of the bar. The fall had knocked the wind out of her and she was shuddering. They went to the deck square amidships, where people were herded.

Mike had never seen a drunken crowd gripped by fear. He saw one now. Panic-stricken, the passengers were milling around in an aimless circle. Some woman shouted: "We're sinking! We're sinking—I know it!" She was believed, for this mob had passed beyond reason. Mike and Katie were knocked apart by white-faced men and women struggling to find an exit. He searched for Katie's hand and drew her back toward him. He wondered what the ship had struck and if she were taking water. If so, these poor fools of humans were doomed. They would kill one another getting to the boats, or throw themselves into the sea, and half of them would never get further than where they stood. Mike, with a strange feeling of calmness, suddenly understood why there were sea disasters.

How had it started? Probably some one in the lounge had cried out that they were sinking, and the mob had believed it in drunken confusion. Panic had spread through the ship till all reason and order had vanished.

Mike held Katie close to him. He realized suddenly that if the ship were really sinking they would never escape. His fingers touched the soft hairs of her head.

AND then, almost immediately after the thought passed through his mind, he was watching a miracle. Gradually the panic-stricken passengers, unconscious of the fact, were forming in lines. They were being kept in a kind of order that slowly increased until there was a clear space in the center of the square.

Then Mike saw the reason. Fascinated, he watched three men in white caps and blue serge, with gold on their sleeves, standing in that cleared space. He sought their eyes—cold, clear—and those straight figures, calm and unruffled in the midst of panic.

They were issuing orders in brisk voices. And then Mike saw the lines of stewards—bedroom stewards, most of them—moving in a cordon around the milling passengers. Firmly they regimented that mass of struggling men and women into a state of order, and Mike heard their almost soft voices lending encouragement:

"There is no danger. There is no danger. Please stand as you are."

Gradually that which had been a crazy, fear-ridden mob became a weary, silent crowd of passengers. The officers spoke to them. There was no anger, no tone of bullying. There was, Mike thought, almost a hint of good-natured jollying. And he marveled at the effect of those blue-uniformed men on the crowd.

The passengers, quietly and orderly

"How about another helping of that good VELVET tobacco!"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Velvet

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Better smoking tobacco

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Copyright 1938,
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

now, were allowed on deck to look for themselves. The ship was riding steady. She was not sinking.

Mike came to life. He said to Katie, "Meet me in the cabin," and walked quickly forward. A junior officer gave him what he wanted. They had rammed and sunk a small coastal vessel. Yes, the Lady of Lyons had several bow plates stove in, but she was in no danger. She could proceed. They had put out a boat and picked up the crew of ten from the coaster. All saved. All well.

Mike saw the captain of the sunken coasting vessel. Then he went to the wireless office and sent a message to Jerry at the home office. "Story coming Father Point for all dailies, etc. Rush it in." Hurrying to the cabin, he found Katie putting paper into his portable typewriter on the small table against the bulkhead. She looked up when he entered.

JOHN RHODES STURDY

a Canadian with the quarter-century mark not far behind him, once thought of joining the navy, but ended up on the ship-news beat of a newspaper. Although he has written fiction for magazines both here and in England, he still remains a working newspaperman. He is unmarried and lives in Montreal.

She said: "I thought you'd be wanting to use it."

"I can get copy away on the pilot boat at Father Point," Mike said. "We've got to write this story, Katie—it's a good story. If we're fired, O. K."

She nodded. He sat down at the typewriter, pushed back his hair, and stared for a moment or two at the blank paper before his eyes. Then he lifted his fingers and started. Katie watched him.

Mike's collar was hanging from the back stud and his hair was tossed when a knock came on the door. Katie answered it, and for a while Mike did not look up from his work. He was writing hastily.

"Mike," said Katie.

He stopped typing. Then, a little flushed in the cheeks, he got to his feet.

The vice-president in charge of traffic was standing in the center of the cabin, a gleam in his eye.

"What are you doing, Bowen?"

Mike told him: "I'm writing a story on the crash. It's a good story. It's that story I promised you."

Williamson turned red in the face. "Who gave you authority for this?"

"I did!"

"You—you—I forbid you to send one word. Do you hear me?"

His voice rose to a high pitch. Mike bit his lip. He glanced past Williamson to Katie, who was near the door. There was no time for argument now. A call from the vice-president would bring stewards running. They could seize Mike's copy; they could even lock him in the brig if they wanted.

He took a step toward Williamson. He had made up his mind.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought I was doing my duty. Of course I won't send anything." He was maneuvering around until Williamson was between him and the door of the bathroom.

The vice-president in charge of traffic dropped his voice a little. "Well, Bowen, you seem to have strange ideas of duty—"

"Sing, Katie!" Mike ordered. "Sing like a fool!"

Katie only hesitated for a bewildered moment. Then she burst into song, and as she did Mike moved into action.

"Open the bathroom door," he told her, as his right hand grasped Williamson by the shoulder and his other sought the vice-president's mouth. A shout from Williamson's lips was cut off. Katie had opened the door, and Mike pushed the man into the small bathroom. Quickly he closed and locked the door. "Drag out that little gramophone of yours," he ordered Katie, "and play every darn record you can find."

The muffled shouts of the imprisoned vice-president in charge of traffic were drowned out by the double noise of the phonograph and Mike's typewriter. Katie sat on one of the beds and laughed until the tears nearly came. "Oh, Mike!" she cried. "Oh, Mike, we've done it now!"

He banged away at the typewriter. When he had finished, they left the cabin together, Mike with sheets of copy clutched tightly in his fist, leaving behind them Williamson and a loud-playing phonograph.

They were only just in time. The pilot tender was already alongside. Mike found a man who had come out in the little ship and was going back with her to Father Point. He agreed readily to deliver the copy to the telegraph office. "Newspaper, eh?" he said. "I'll get it away for you right off."

Mike and Katie watched the little tender slip away from the Lady of Lyons. Then, suddenly very tired and weary, they wandered back into the ship, Mike trying to smooth his hair into some kind of order and to straighten his tie.

"We'd better let our prisoner out," said Katie.

Mike lit a cigarette. Well, he had done what he had wanted to do. Whatever happened now did not matter. Or perhaps it did. Perhaps he was thinking of a one-room apartment and a ham sandwich for supper. The thought stayed with him.

"First," he said to Katie, "we'll go into the lounge, find a comfortable place to sit, and have another of those germicidal concoctions."

She did not argue with him. They found a corner in the lounge and Katie instructed the steward as to how to go about preparing a germicidal concoction. She held Mike's hand tightly as they sat back and stared at the ceiling. She loved him very much.

Some time later the execution party arrived. It was composed of a very hot-looking and red-faced vice-president in charge of traffic, a tall officer, and the purser. They stood over the table, and Katie, with a pleasant little smile, said, "Good evening!"

Williamson burst into a splutter. "Good evening! Good— Bowen, I'll have you fired for this! I'll put you in jail! Stand up and speak to me, do you hear? I'll fire you! I'll— Stand up, you—you—"

Katie regarded him thoughtfully. Then she shook her head, leaned back, and said: "I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. Williamson, but it's really no use. He's passed out."

THE Lady of Lyons disembarked her passengers at Quebec in the early morning. Mike came down the gangplank with Katie and a hang-over. As they stood in a corner of the shed, Mike murmured: "There's the Old Man. He must have flown up."

"And he's talking to Williamson," added Katie.

They looked at each other. Then Katie squeezed Mike's hand. He gave her a little smile.

When he turned, the Old Man was in front of him.

"Are you Bowen?"

Mike looked into the eyes of a tall man with gray hair and a keen face. He said, "Yes."

"Do you like the steamship business, Bowen?"

"I do."

"Well, you can't lock up vice-presidents in bathrooms, my man."

Mike and Katie looked defiantly at this power of powers. "I was sending a story that I believed should be sent—" Mike began.

The Old Man interrupted him. "Yes," the Old Man said. "And you made me proud of every officer, every steward in our company. In fact, you made me feel darned proud, Bowen! Drop upstairs and see me sometime next week."

Mike was numbly shaking the Old Man's hand. His mouth was open and he looked bewildered and incredulous. As for Katie, she let out a gasp and gripped his arm.

There was a telegram for Mike at the booth in the shed. His hands were trembling so badly that Katie had to open the envelope for him and read the message. He was still in a daze, but it was a glorious daze.

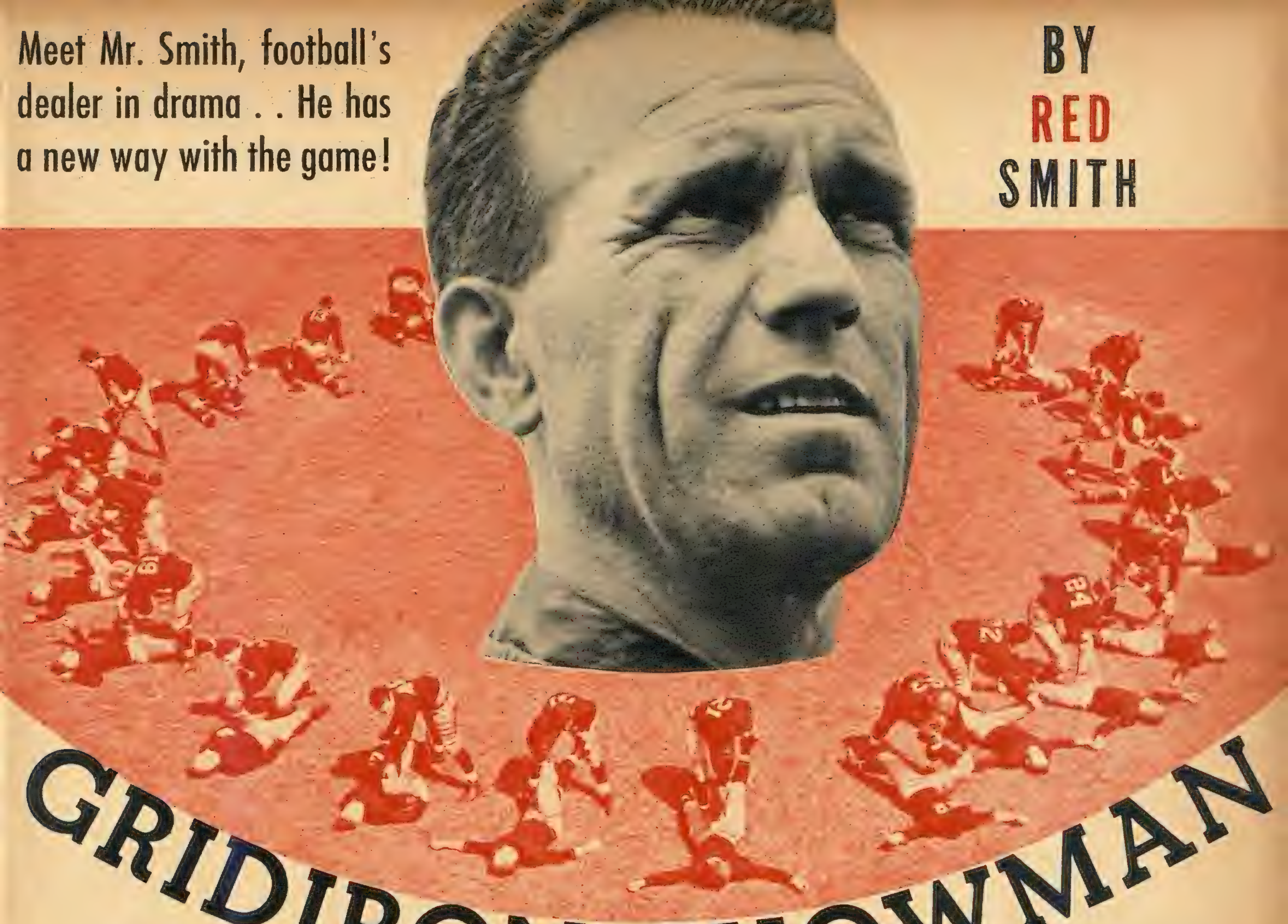
Slowly Katie recited the contents of the telegram.

It said: "You can say you once worked for me," and it was signed "Jordan of the Globe."

Then Mike kissed Katie.

THE END

Meet Mr. Smith, football's dealer in drama . . He has a new way with the game!



BY
RED
SMITH

GRIDIRON SHOWMAN

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

EAGER, restless, straining, the Villanova Clipper prowls the side line, the sinewed column of his neck bent to buck the wind that brings rain pelting down upon the uncovered black waves of his hair.

Out on the field a Villanova back cuts loose. Tumult swells in the stands as he skitters five, ten, fifteen yards through the mud, miraculously bouncing off the façade of this tackler, squirming from the clutch of that one. The referee's whistle skirls, and the eyes of the crowd swing as though by signal toward the figure pacing the side line.

Somehow, the attention of Villanova football followers has a way of turning instinctively from the team to Clipper Smith, from the play to the coach who devised it. Maybe because Clipper Smith has become, in three seasons, as vital a part of the show as the pass, the punt, or the pigskin itself.

The crowd watches him now as he treads his endless beat. He is hatless. Unheeded, the rain flails his dark face, courses in tiny rivulets down the extraordinarily deep furrows that mark parentheses from the nose to the corners of the mouth.

Now Smith makes substitutions. Each player who trots off the field is greeted with a handclasp. Mistakes may come in for smoking criticism later in the privacy of the dressing room, but there'll be only applause out here while the show is on.

Clipper Smith isn't an orthodox coach. To him any system that wins is a good system. Schooled in football by the late Knute Rockne, he teaches a streamlined version of the Notre Dame system. He also teaches that football is fun to play, that the better it's played the more fun it is, and that the most fun of all is the spontaneous play inspired by the necessity of the moment and backed by a thorough grounding in fundamentals.

That's why sports writers call Villanova a team of "opportunists," ready to take quick and telling advantage of an opponent's smallest mistake.

That's why, too, enemy backs sometimes were startled to see long, carrot-shaped John Wysocki thundering down upon them from the right side of Villanova's line instead of from his normal position at left end. Wysocki tosses orthodox styles to the winds, and it was his genius for doing the wrong thing right that was partly responsible for his election to Liberty's 1937 All-Players All-America Team.

Any system that wins is a good system to Clipper Smith, yet winning isn't all-important to him. He's more showman than coach.

But more than these two, Clipper Smith is a salesman. A salesman of football. Like most successful coaches, immaculate, polysyllabic, Smith makes a lot of speeches. Unlike most, he wastes little breath on such phrases as "grand old game." With him it's "this football business." Big business, dealing annually in millions of dollars. His job is to produce winning football and sell it to a public that wants its money's worth.

He has been selling it since 1921, when he came out of Notre Dame, where his drastic methods of inducing would-be tacklers to be seated had been responsible for changing his name from Maurice J. to Clipper. First it was little Columbia College of Portland, Oregon, whose gridiron goods he peddled; then Gonzaga University; then Santa Clara.

Life Begins At 40

DESIGNER WHO BEGAN AT 45—
Eight years ago, Mrs. Mae B. Midgley of New Haven, Conn., began to design and sell her garden furniture, ornaments, fountains and sundials made out of cast rock and bronze. She was 45 when she created for herself this entirely new and profitable business.

MRS. NETTIE COOK BEGAN IN HER HOME KITCHEN
in Indianapolis, Ind., putting up delicious jams, jellies and preserves to help add to her income. Soon a factory was needed. Now — at 46 — she is president of her own thriving company.

They Made a New Start AFTER 40 and WON SUCCESS

FOR these two—like many others—the years from 40 on are proving happy and profitable. Yet, often, people find their energy slowing down at just this time. They begin to feel "old."

Two things may lead to this early aging:

1. Your body may not be getting enough vitamins.
2. Weaker digestion often sets in around 40. This may pull you down.

A tonic food that helps *both* these common after-40 troubles is Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast.

It supplies a good amount of 4 necessary vitamins. The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other essentials that help you make fuller use of these vitamins and the food you eat.

Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it ½ *hour before* meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. Eat it regularly and see if you don't *feel younger*—more energetic.

Miss Dolly Brann—Stylist—Finds New Energy, More Ideas

Dear Life Begins:

After several months of working furiously, I reached a point where I couldn't go on. My work was practically at a standstill from fatigue.

One evening I read an advertisement, "Life Begins at 40." That aroused my interest. I was just past 40. I bought some Fleischmann's Yeast next morning. Before three weeks were over I felt like laughing at life for the first time in almost a year.

In a month I was back at work. And I'm able to draw on what seems to be an endless supply of ideas and energy.

DOLLY BRANN

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Santa Clara's "Bronco Round-up" was characteristic of his methods. Nobody ever is interested in spring football. Smith, selling football twelve months a year, believed even spring football could be made popular if the public were offered a show. The main idea was to get fans coming to Santa Clara, anyway.

So, on the last day of practice the stadium gates were thrown open. Four squads of trimly uniformed youngsters competed in a dozen events conducted along the lines of a quadrangular track meet. Ends raced one another downfield under punts. Kickers vied at punting for distance and accuracy. Automobile tires were laid in a meandering row across the turf, and backs stepped from one to another as they sprinted through the "supple hips" event. Trophies went to individual winners, and the two squads drawing the greatest applause wound up the program with a short but earnest football game.

It took endless rehearsing, with every event timed as closely as a radio program, to run off the show smoothly. But it drew thousands of spectators, who went home and told their friends about Santa Clara.

When Smith went there, Santa Clara had a small squad, an infinitesimal football reputation, and big ambitions. When he left for Villanova, in the spring of 1936, the Broncos competed on even terms with the best in the Coast Conference, drew crowds comparable with any.

Three years ago the Philadelphia newspapers paid routine attention to Villanova; newspapers elsewhere paid none whatever. Today there is hardly a sports-page reader anywhere who isn't Villanova-conscious, knows they were one of the nation's few undefeated teams in 1937.

So rapid was the change and so smoothly effected that scarcely any one realized it was happening. Villanova photographs began appearing in newspapers, not only in Philadelphia but all over the country. They were gag pictures, the type once christened "baloney pictures" by New York's Governor Alfred E. Smith (the Smith family seems to be hogging this piece, eh?), and because they were different from run-of-the-camera stuff they caught the eye of sports editors in Grand Rapids, Keokuk, and Tallahassee. Which was the idea in the first place.

THERE were pictures of Villanova backs practicing the shift before tall mirrors propped up on the field. Pictures of Villanova punters kicking from the forty-yard line into barrels in coffin corners. Pictures of Smith using an electric timer, borrowed from an auto race track, to measure in hundredths of seconds the time consumed by the shift or in getting the ball away on a quick kick.

Baloney pictures for publicity, but behind each one was a sound football idea. The Narcissus backs grew so sick of seeing themselves shift sloppily they began doing it right, and sports writers rhapsodized about their rhythmic timing. So swiftly were kicks sent away, so accurately were they placed, and so persistently were ends drilled in covering them that the total runbacks of Villanova punts for two games against strong opponents was one yard.

Villanova players don't straggle from huddle to line of scrimmage. In the last play of the season's last game they still come charging up to their positions, whooping in bloodthirsty chorus. There are two reasons for this: the zip it adds to the show; the psychological effect on a weary opponent who sees a yelling enemy band storm down upon him, apparently still fresh and furious. And the run from the huddle, even the yell of "Eeeeyahh!" is practiced as assiduously as any other single department of play.

ZIEGFELD lavished no more attention on the costuming of his beauties than Showman Smith does in the selection and tailoring of the Wildcats' gleaming gold satin pants, their trim blue jerseys with huge glistening silk numerals.

There was sound football sense behind Villanova's junking of the time-worn tradition that the quarterback must be the field general. During spring training, players take regular written examinations in tactics, rules, defensive strategy, play selection, and the like. The athlete with the highest grades calls the plays. Last year it was a tackle, Jordan Olivar.

But it was simply football merchandising when Smith moved his spring drills from the closed stadium to Villanova's campus lawn, which fronts on the busy Lincoln Highway. Motorists stopping to watch scrimmage congested traffic, but it helped remind the buying public that Wysocki and the rest would be back this fall.

Only Smith himself knows how much his frenzied pacing of the side line is due to real nervousness, how much to superstition, and how much is just part of the show.

It's superstition that forbids him to wear a hat on the field, in sunshine, rain, or blizzard. It's superstition and nervousness that prompt him to carry a folded newspaper on his patrol of the side line, tearing it to shreds as the game progresses. But the student with the notebook who sometimes dogs his steps has a definite assignment. He records the comments which Smith mutters incessantly with each play, and these notes are the basis for next week's practice sessions.

It's superstition that keeps Mrs. Clipper Smith away from the games. It was superstition that opened Clipper's eyes wide with horror when the suggestion was made that this article be ghost-written under his signature.

"Jeebers creepers, no!" he said. "Haven't you noticed? The coaches who write stories get licked."

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

NO more gardening until spring, so I called upon Irene Hayes, Park Avenue florist, for inside horticultural information. She told me a lot. . . . Hardiest of house plants, she said, are varieties of the quick-growing *Philodendron.* Grape ivy is the latest vogue, along with the flowering African violet. And it's stylish now to grow ivy in your bathroom. . . . A smart novelty should be credited to Carol Streiber, society debutante, who puts distortive mirrors behind her plants, so that the glass reflects them in strange eccentric shapes. . . . Mary Jane Walsh, stage and radio star, keeps a live cricket in a terrarium—one of those crystal globes filled with greenery. Invites friends to sit by her fireside of an evening and listen to her cricket. Nice! . . . Irene Hayes thinks that men often care more about the botanical names and natures of plants than women do. Apart from the decorative side, she thinks not many of us are engrossed by the science of house-plant cultivation, whereas quite a few prominent men get to be expert at it. For example, the energetic Wall Street operator and race-horse owner Victor Emanuel is also an amateur specialist in the growing of elephant-ear ferns. And the apartment of Dwight Fiske, night-club entertainer, shelters a year-old philodendron as tall as himself and the pride of his heart.

☆ At last I know a cure for husbands who wait, anxious and terrified, while the wife gives birth to the child. The cure is a mail-order crib, delivered in knocked-down sections, for the husband to put together. One young husband of my acquaintance sought to quiet his nerves by trying to set up a crib of that kind during the night when his wife was momentarily expectant. The nurse, bringing him good news—fine baby boy; mother and child doing well—found the husband tangled in crib parts and fury. "Don't bother me about *babies!*" he roared. "This *crib* is driving me *mad!*"

☆ Few of us have a hand, nowadays, in the actual assassination of our Thanksgiving turk. But for those of you who live on farms and raise your own here's an idea from Spain, where turkey has long been the traditional bird for gala feasts, same as it is with us. The Spanish declare a turkey always will be more tender and succulent if you get him *relaxed* (what they really mean is *blotto*) by plying him with strong wine or brandy just before you lead him to his fate.

I think you will like this day-after-Thanksgiving recipe for turkey giblets and turnips. It is considered a great delicacy in northern France. . . . Before roasting your big bird, remove neck, wings, liver, and gizzard, and save uncooked. Next day wash them thoroughly; cut in pieces; fry lightly in earthenware casserole with a little turkey fat or lard. Take out temporarily. In the casserole combine 2 tablespoons of browned flour, 1 cup water, salt, pepper, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and a pinch of thyme. Put the meat back in. Slice and fry five small turnips golden yellow in hot fat. Add turnips to casserole; cover and let cook 1½ hours over moderate fire.

Serve with crusty French bread and a simple salad.

☆ Readers in fourteen different states have already sent answers to my inquiry about the "double extract of night-blooming cereus" found on a shelf of the antique drugstore maintained by Louise and Lurelle V. A. Guild. All agree it's a cactus-juice preparation used in years past for heart ailments.

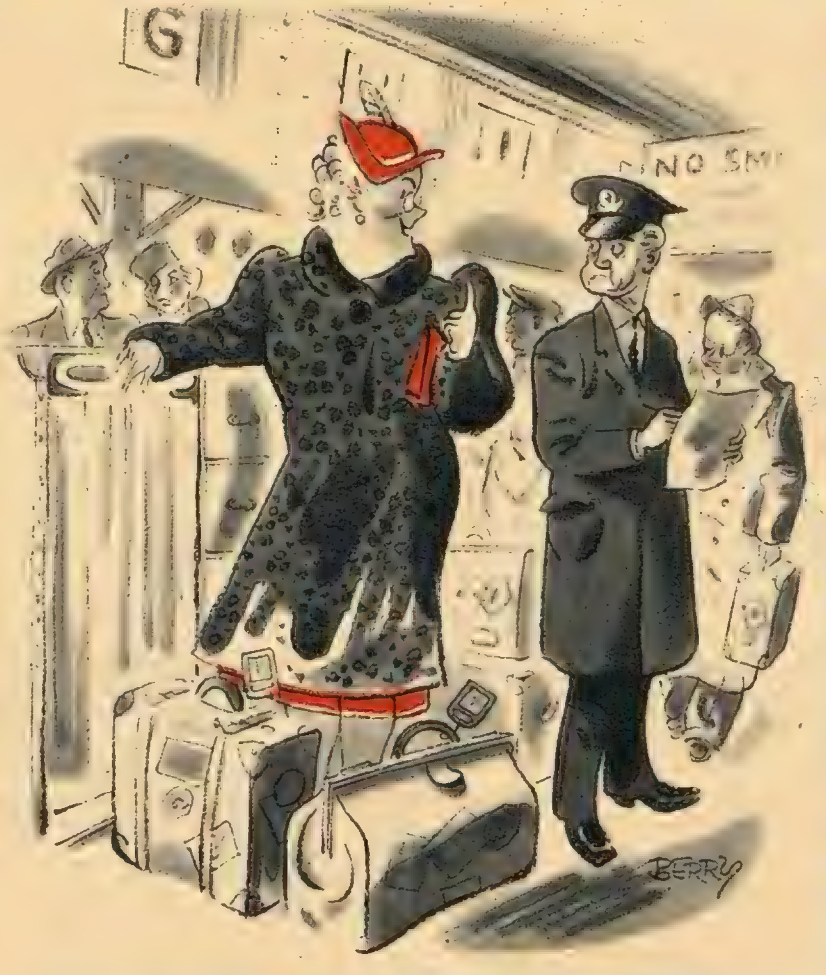
☆ Most husbands revert to cave-man instinct, I am convinced, when they buy fur coats for their wives. I know a millionaire's wife who yearns toward striking frivolities in fur. But her husband, buying her a coat, insists that it be warm rather than ultra-smart. Furs and *warmth* are linked inseparably in his mind, not furs and fashion.

A throwback, I feel sure, to his cave-man struggle for protection against the elements.

☆ Marie Ritz has just authored a vivaciously reminiscent book—Cesar Ritz: Host to the World—about her famous husband and his illustrious hotels. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

☆ It may be farfetched to connect an English protest on game hunting with our American day of thanks for livelihood and peace, yet I couldn't help reading an echo of our Thanksgiving spirit into a copy of a letter sent me last week by a London friend. The original letter was made public in England recently by Nina Douglas-Hamilton, Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, who wrote in part as follows: . . . "When that tragedy [the Great War] overwhelmed mankind, and men experienced on their own bodies what being shot at was like, it seemed impossible to conceive that any one could wish in future to go out and shoot innocent birds and creatures for amusement. The Duke and I have never had a shooting party since the war, for the simple reason that the thought of providing killing for any one's pleasure had become intolerable."

Give thanks for all who hate to kill!



"Oh, wait, Inspector. I have two more dresses you haven't seen yet!"

MAGNIFICENT

Beauty and brains, and storm in her heart—Can this girl run away from love?

BY WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HER remarkable research on an influenza formula lands Patsy Carmichael on the staff of Cheney Chemical, a leading drug-manufacturing firm in New York. Soon, however, she discovers that the business is headed for the rocks. Completion of her formula is being counted on to save it. Also, her boss, Prescott Cheney, is falling in love with Patsy, which distresses her. She is devoted to science alone. Things grow more and more snarled when the influenza formula proves a lagging process.

Dr. Minorcas Brown, a fashionable psychiatrist, tries to undermine Patsy's morals. Unsuccessful, he then tries his hand at saving the Cheney concern from bankruptcy through the instrumentality of one Dr. Joe Lucas, who releases a Typhoid Mary to create a scare throughout the country. The object is to boom sales of a typhoid vaccine made in great volume by the Cheney firm. When Prescott hears of this skulduggery, he notifies his customers of the fact even against his own vital interests.

An advertising woman, Judith David, who has the Cheney account, inherits a fortune, and Dr. Minorcas Brown marries her. Patsy has warned her against the conscienceless psychiatrist in vain. And once, in a fit of drunkenness, Dr. Lucas attempted to kill Minorcas.

To boost Cheney Chemical, a radio program is planned on which Judith places highest hope. Meanwhile Prescott declares his love to Patsy, who turns him down. She is hoping to go to Vienna to study. After all, she considers her connection with Cheney Chemical a complete fizzle. However, she offers to do the new radio broadcast for the company to redeem herself. Everything depends on how it will go. At the mike, because she feels so blatantly commercial, Patsy grows hysterical and babbles an insult to "the mothers of America." Nothing could have been worse.

PART EIGHT—A WORLD WITHOUT PATSY

DR. MINORCAS and Judith and Prescott Cheney were having their after-dinner coffee in the study of the Browns' flat. The radio was tuned in on Patsy Carmichael's broadcast. The announcer was just concluding his high-flown introduction of Patsy. The listeners could not know the effect it was having upon Patience.

"Swell, isn't it?" whispered Judith in something like self-awe. "*I* wrote most of that blurb."

Scott smiled doubtfully. Minorcas sipped his coffee without comment. Then came Patsy's voice, beginning her speech: clear and contained, with the rich contralto undertones.

"Oh," whispered Judith. "It's so exciting! She's splendid! She's a natural—"

Patsy's voice broke—then rose shrilly:

"And that message is—that I don't give a hang for the mothers of America!" Then silence. Then the quick strains of jazz as the studio orchestra broke the air with a cover-up.

There was an instant of dumfounded silence in the study. Minorcas got up and turned off the switch.

"I thought so," he said quietly, and sat down again.

Prescott was halfway across the room to the telephone.

"You thought what—you sneering fool?" he flung over his shoulder.

"That you can't use a razor to cut grindstones," said Minorcas, sipping his coffee.

"But what shall we *do?*" wailed Judith.

"Do nothing. Leave her alone. This blow-up is the best thing in the world for her."

Prescott banged down the receiver and came back to the others.

"She walked right out of the studio: that's all they know," he announced.

Judith sprang up.

"She's gone straight home. I'm going over to meet her."

"Suit yourself," shrugged her husband.

Judith went out. Scott sat himself down on the couch and made a pretense of looking over the evening paper. He didn't want to talk. And he didn't dare to leave. Minorcas, drinking his coffee and smoking, watched him with an amused and faraway look in his shrewd eyes.

"As I told you some months ago"—he smiled unpleasantly—"Patience is the dual-personality type, given to irrational departures from her own norm. Her scientific nature has been bottled up. You can't hitch that type into an industrial machine. Sooner or later they blow up."

"We haven't bottled her up," objected Scott. "She offered to do the radio hour herself."

"Bottled herself up, if you like. Her volunteering for the radio talks was a compensating device for what she has increasingly felt were her laboratory failures."

"You mean," demanded Scott in a troubled voice, "because she hasn't produced a formula she wanted to help on the advertising end?"

"Precisely. She tried to do a little thing you *hadn't* asked because she was incapable of doing a big thing you *had* asked."

Prescott pondered this in silence.

"Besides," went on Minorcas, "you have disregarded the warnings I gave you, Cheney. You persist in your jealousy of me. You persist in your pursuit of Patience. You've driven her into this breakdown by pestering her with your puppy-dog proposals of marriage. You—"

He got no further. Scott had him by the throat, his long muscled thumbs clamping viciously into the windpipe. He shook him savagely back and forth, in a paroxysm of murderous fury. Minorcas Brown, as helpless as a rat shaken by a terrier, made no slightest effort of defense.

Slowly his face turned red—then slightly purple. His eyes began to protrude. Still he did not struggle. His presence of mind and courage were superb. Just as he felt his senses slipping, he raised his hand slowly and pressed his glowing cigarette firmly into the back of Scott's hand.

Scott dropped his hold and stumbled back. He stared stupidly at his hand. He stared stupidly at the man who had dropped gasping into the armchair.

Fool

Prescott seized his hat and turned toward the door. At that moment the bell rang. Minorcas motioned to the door. Scott opened it. It was a Western Union boy.

"Wait a minute," Min called to Prescott. "It's probably from Patsy."

He ripped open the envelope, glanced at the message, and handed it to Scott. His manner was as affable and matter-of-fact as if Scott had not just come dangerously close to throttling him. Scott read the telegram:

GOING AWAY TO THE COUNTRY FOR A FEW DAYS PATIENCE

That was all. No explanations. No apologies. He was still seeing red.

But the next morning, thinking it over, he knew that he had behaved very badly. He called Dr. Minorcas on the telephone.

"I'm not going to apologize," he began, "because that's just so many words. "But I do want to say that I made a fool of myself, and that you handled yourself like a sportsman. That's all. For the rest of it, you can still go to hell."

"Fair enough," came Dr. Min's amused superior voice. "Forget it, my dear boy. I've often had patients want to kill me. They dislike hearing facts. Next time I'll have a red-hot poker ready for you."

For two days nothing was heard from Patsy. It was not until shortly before five o'clock on the third afternoon when Miss Dorsey brought Scott the letter.

"This just came by messenger boy," she grumbled, and laid it on his blotter.

Miss Dorsey lingered a moment. Then, as she watched the expression gathering on her boss's face, she tiptoed quietly and heavily out.

Scott tore open the envelope:

Dear Prescott:

I am sending this by messenger on my way downtown to the steamer. I'm sailing for Cherbourg on the Megantic. I'm going straight to Vienna to work with my Swiss couple. Dr. Jessups and the Stullman people have arranged everything. I'm an awful short sport—not to have the guts to face you. After all the dirt I did. I think—in the studio that night—I was really nuts. That does no good now—to talk about it. But—it's all been a mistake—from the start. It's better to go this way, without seeing you. I can never forgive myself for everything—*everything.* PATSY.

P.S. Dr. Guzicka is down to date with all my notes, and I have just written him a suggestion on the blood-group agglutinogens that occurred to me yesterday. I think he may get the darn thing any time now. PATIENCE.

P.P.S.—I feel lousy. P.

The blood slowly left Prescott's face. For a moment he sat rigid, his lips drawn to a thin line of pain. Then his eyes hardened. Jumping to his feet, he grabbed his hat and dashed downstairs to the street. He hailed a taxi, took the express highway uptown, and twenty minutes later was in the offices of the French Line at Pier 88 on

"I'm not asking you to give up science," said Scott. "I'm asking you not to give me up too."

YOUR
OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE

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200000 DESTITUTE
DROUG
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STARVING T
Homeless
Eagle

Still the
Greatest Mother

●

RENEW
YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE
RED CROSS

the North River. He caught a booking clerk.

"The Lorraine. Tonight. For myself, alone. Outside room with bath. What have you left?"

The clerk threw wide his hands in Gallic despair.

"Nothing, m'sieu — or virtually nothing." The French like to conjure up difficulties even when none exist. He flicked over his cabin plan. In two minutes Prescott had located a satisfactory stateroom. He had his check written before the clerk finished filling out the ticket form. He grabbed his envelope of labels and hurried out. He looked at his watch. All the time in the world—provided he could find his passport.

He took another taxi across town to the Cheney works. There were lights in some of the upper laboratory windows, but the business offices were long since closed. Prescott had to get the watchman to let him into his private office. He rummaged through one of Miss Dorsey's filing cabinets and located his passport. Good! It had not expired yet, and it carried English, French, and German visas.

Scott sat down at his desk. First he called his own rooms and spoke to his man:

"Lay out stuff for two weeks, Richard. Steamer gear. Europe and back. Don't start packing until I get there. I'll be over in half an hour. . . . What's that? No, I'm not taking you."

Next he called the cashier's office at the Dunderhead Club.

"This is Mr. Prescott Cheney speaking. I'm sailing for Europe unexpectedly tonight, and I want to cash a check for one thousand. . . . Yes, I know the usual limit is five hundred: that's why I'm calling you—so that you may have it on hand. All new currency, please. And tell the dining room to have a mutton chop and a bottle of Bass—Bugle Brand, please—ready for me at nine sharp."

He hung up. He looked over his engagement calendar. Nothing vital. He scribbled a laconic note to the faithful Dorsey on the next day's page. Next he must telephone to Judith. But in the act of dialing the number he thought better of it: too many questions. Better write. He drew a letterhead toward him and scrawled in pencil:

Dear Jude:

Patience sailed for Cherbourg this afternoon on the Megantic. I'm sailing tonight on the Lorraine. Make what you want of that, my dear, and be hanged to you. I expect to be back in a fortnight. Have you found any one yet for next week's Health Hour? How about Joe Lucas? Could he be depended upon?

Affec., SCOTT.

He mailed the letter on his way out, took a taxi, and drove over to his rooms.

Richard had laid his things in orderly piles on the bed.

"I'm going over to the club now for dinner," he told the valet. "Ship sails at midnight. Meet me at the gangway at eleven thirty."

Prescott dined in leisurely fashion and looked over the evening papers. Then, being a fine evening, he strolled across the park to the North River and Pier 88. Richard was at the gangway with his ticket.

"So long, Richard. Miss Dorsey knows how to get in touch with me. Oh, by the way, you can close up shop if you like and give yourself a ten-day vacation."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Richard touched his hat and faded decorously into the background.

Prescott went aboard and inspected his stateroom. Everything unpacked and stowed. Pajamas on the bed and shaving tools on the glass rack. He went on deck to watch the crowds and the hurry-scurry of sailing. This was the way he liked to leave: unpremeditated, unannounced, unhurried.

He found his deck chair and sat down. Reaction began to flood in upon him. Scott sat in thought for a gloomy hour. Increasingly it came over him that what he had done was not only useless but theatrical into the bargain. He was beginning to feel ridiculous in his own eyes.

Well, then, there was only one thing to do. Patience did not know he was following her. He would not debark at Cherbourg at all. He would stay on the ship to Southampton, and return by the next boat. The more he thought, the more he knew that this was the only wise and dignified way out of the present situation.

Having reached this decision, Prescott went below to his stateroom. He felt very deflated and unheroic. And it would be all of two weeks before he could get back to his desk and work off his self-disgust.

THE S.S. Megantic swung in between the Cherbourg breakwater and the island and rang down her engines to half speed as she moved toward her mooring berth. Passengers disembarking for the Continent were on the lower deck, clustered at the entrance, awaiting the arrival of the tenders from shore.

Patience leaned against the guard line and looked out. She could see the ancient fortifications on the encircling hills, and the little church. She liked Cherbourg harbor.

The first tender puffed importantly alongside. The gangplank clattered out and was made fast. Patience drew a deep breath and shook her head with a movement of resolution. France at last. New York, with its troubles and turmoil, lay far behind. Vienna, and the joy of work again, lay ahead. On the voyage over Patsy had been neither happy nor unhappy. She had tried not to dwell upon the radio fiasco. But would Scott ever forgive her? Well, what did it matter? He'd forget.

The stewards were trundling her luggage across the gangplank to the tender. Patsy followed them and watched them dispose of the baggage. She was checking the pieces like the experienced traveler she was when she heard a familiar voice at her shoulder.

"Hello," said Scott in a queer voice. "Did you have a good voyage over?"

Patsy's heart flopped with unreasoning pleasure. She turned and looked at him. His hair was tousled, and he had his pipe, and he was grinning, but with not too much assurance.

Patience broke into her deep-throated contralto laugh.

"You great big idiot!" she said with slow and obvious delight. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't quite know," said Scott seriously. "That depends on you. Listen, Patience. I jumped the first boat and followed you, without thinking. But I've been thinking five days since then. And I want to tell you. And if it's not good enough—why, I'll take the next boat back. But—"

"Oh, Scott—must we go through all that again?"

"This is different, Patsy. Back there—in New York—I used to think you were full of theories and all. It was only when you tried so hard to do things my way—the radio and everything—that I saw how real it was to you. You said it was a mistake from the outset. I see that now. I've been wrong. You've made me see your ideals—and admire them. And you've made me hate a business I never liked at best. I've argued you into things your instinct was against. And that's what made you crack. It's all my fault. I've followed you—just to tell you that."

"Oh, please!" cried Patsy in distress. "You mustn't, Scott. It isn't that way. It isn't you or me. It's just the way things are. What I'm giving my life to is bigger than us. It's not what I *ought* to want, or *ought* to feel: it's what I *do* feel."

"Go on feeling," said Scott forcefully. "But first, get this. I'm selling out the business anyway. You know that. And I love you like hell, Patsy. I'm not asking you to give up science. I'm just asking you not to give me up too. Marry me, Patsy. I'll be your devoted helper. I'll—"

He stopped suddenly. The tender was drawing alongside the landing quay. They tied up, and the passengers began to file across the gangway and up to the train sheds. They followed along in unhappy silence. Patience felt infinitely sad, infinitely wordless. Finally she spoke.

"Scott dear," she said gently, "I told you that day on the Setsu—I like you better than any man I've ever known. I think I would do almost anything I could for you. I—I've tried, in a way. I've—"

"*That* way!" he interrupted bitterly. "The 'maternal' way! Thank you—no. If I can't have your love—I don't want your pity; or your solicitude; *or* your maternal tenderness—"

"Oh—Scott! I didn't mean it that way. I do so like you!"

They were in the train shed. Patsy's luggage was stowed in her compartment. She stood inside, leaning out of the open window, almost on a level with him.

"Shall I come as far as Paris with you?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly but with decision. The train started slowly to move. It tore her heartstrings.

"Scott—Scott," she whispered in an agony of distress. "I don't—I can't love you that way. Do you want me to marry you—anyway?"

"No!" said Prescott angrily. "And be damned to you."

He watched the train draw out of the shed and disappear around a curve. Then he turned and walked back to the landing stage.

SPRING was in full bloom in New York. Prescott Cheney had been back nearly six weeks. To the outside world, even to the solicitous Judith and the watchful Minorcas, Prescott gave no sign of his unhappiness.

After the first sharp days Scott had himself in hand. With the prospect of soon being out of the whole business, he began to like the trading and the maneuvering for position that getting out entailed. With the skillful help of his bankers, he was playing off two other drug concerns against the Werfel crowd.

At this point another factor intervened.

The influenza epidemic in the Orient had finally jumped the Pacific and had struck the West Coast at isolated points. It was creeping slowly eastward. Werfel—presumably owing to their pipe line to Dr. Guzicka—upped their offer a cool hundred thousand. They wanted to force a quick buy. Because if Cheney should meet the oncoming flow with a successful formula his prospects and price would go soaring. All of which Prescott Cheney understood quite as well as they. He sat tight.

Today he had sent for Dr. Guzicka. The little chemist sat beside his desk and squinted through his thick glasses.

"It is finished, Herr Cheney. Ze formula iss ready. It needed but a slight change from zee 2 BX of Miss Carmichael. A purification method that I haf myself perfected."

"Splendid!" said Prescott. "Dr. Guzicka, you're a top-notch chemist. If you give me your professional assurance that the formula is marketable, I shall go into immediate production."

"I do," said the other gravely. "I shall send you a signed report to that effect."

Dr. Guzicka went out. Judith Brown passed him in the doorway. She had a portfolio under her arm.

"Hello, Jude. Let's see your blurb stuff. Things are looking up. The formula is ready."

"Oh, Scott! How wonderful! If Patsy could only have—"

She stopped herself at sight of his wooden-faced look.

She untied the strings of the portfolio. For the better part of an hour they were concentrated on the copy. Finally Judith arose.

"All right. We'll make those changes." She stood for a moment irresolutely. "There's one other thing, Scott," she began uncertainly. "It's Joe Lucas. He's drinking again, you know. I wondered—if you had any influence with him."

"Not any longer," said Prescott. "Not since that last time. He sort of turned against me. For taking him to the hospital, I think."

"I know. If you try to help him, he resents it. Sometimes I feel he's got beyond caring what happens to him. He—he used to be fond of me, you know."

"I know."

"I can still do a good deal with him. When I *am* with him," she added. "He really works hard most of the day. It's only towards evening—" Her voice trailed off.

"Losing his staff job at the hospital was a hard crack for him," Scott said. "How did they ever find out he was responsible for the Typhoid Mary hoax?"

"I don't know," returned Judith unhappily. "He's only got his private practice now. Mostly on the East Side. Where he started. He's really wonderful with them. The poor people, I mean. I—I've been taking him on his rounds a good deal lately. Driving his car for him. Sometimes—he's hardly able to, you see. Minorcas says I'm a fool."

"You're one fine little fool, then," said Prescott gravely. He watched her as she went out. It was too bad how often people married the wrong people. Joe Lucas—if Jude had married him— Oh, well, it was a cockeyed world. . . .

When Judith Brown got home she found her husband awaiting her in the study.

"Judith," he began without preamble, "I'm going abroad for a few months."

"You mean—*alone?* I can't come? But, Min, I don't understand!"

"It's very simple," he smiled. He was quite self-possessed—gentle almost. "I've had it in mind for some time. I'm going to Vienna. To brush up on my technique a bit. I want to see Freud himself. The old man isn't active any more, of course. But there are two or three younger men lecturing. I'm getting rusty, my dear."

Judith was white. But she smiled.

"Vienna! And you could see Patsy, too. That would be nice."

"Yes," said Minorcas slowly; "I could see Patsy."

"But—but why couldn't I come? You *do* need a change, Minorcas. But why—"

"Because—I wish to go alone." His voice cut now.

Judith's heart pounded in her throat. She bit her lip to keep down her terror.

"Minorcas! Are you trying to tell me—that you don't love me?"

"I've never loved you. I think you have known that. I'm very fond of you. And—I regret to say, I'm a little grateful to you."

She was staring whitely at him.

"Do you—do you want to divorce me?" Her own words sounded hollow to her, and far away.

"No. But I wish to get away from you."

"Minorcas"—she steeled herself to the question—"I have a right to know. Are you in love with Patience?"

"Could I ever be in love with any woman?" he returned.

Judith's head drooped in silence.

"I'm sorry, Judith. But I must ask you to understand. I take what I want; and—I leave what I do not want. You will excuse me now, my dear. I have some things in the office to attend to."

Judith sat on the couch and twisted her handkerchief into hard knots. It was the same couch that she had sat on when she had supper with Minorcas that first night so many months ago.

PATSY sat on her laboratory stool with her legs coiled among the rungs. There was a microscope before her on the desk, and a window in front of that. The place was Vienna—the old Vienna of lightness and learning, of soft gaiety and hard work, of scholarship and pleasure—the Vienna that had not yet achieved the iron-souled regimentation of Anschluss.

There were slides and Petri plates and racks of culture tubes on the desk. But Patience was not looking at them. She was staring out across the serrated rooftops of the lovely old city. But she did not see the rooftops. She saw the shimmering little harbor of Woods Hole and the soft flatness of the islands beyond. She saw the murky waters of Hell Gate and the contours of Long Island.

For Miss Carmichael was daydreaming. The girl at the near-by desk, a small keen-eyed creature in glasses, had to speak three times before she could bring Patience back to earth.

"Three times have I asked you the same question," said the dark girl exasperatedly. "One would think you were in love."

WHAT'S that, Freda?" Patsy emerged from her abstraction. "In love—your grandmother!" She laughed a little uncertainly. "It's this glorious weather. I've got spring fever, Freda."

Freda, with her eyes glued to her microscope, made a noncommittal sound.

"Let's chuck everything for today, Freda. I've got to get out or bust. I want to sit in the Tiergarten and listen to Strauss waltzes and drink Münchener."

"What iss hiss name?" persisted the scoffing Freda.

"Don't be an ass! Let's get Karl and go on a tear. Where did he go, by the way?"

"He iss coming upstairs now. He went down to answer the doorbell."

Patience sighed and leaned back on her stool. She laced her fingers behind her head. She was restless and nervous as a witch. Working too hard, probably. And she was worried about Cheney Chemical and every one back in New York. She had written Scott twice, and cabled him. Not a word. Of course she had been rotten to him—at Cherbourg. But, still and all, he might remember that she was worried too. Nearly two months it was now.

She heard Karl Brüning entering the room. Without turning around, she addressed the ceiling.

"Karl," she said decisively, "Freda and I have decided to close shop. We're all going out to lunch. I'm stale, Karl. If I weren't such a perfect lady I'd say I needed a big old-fashioned binge. I'm going to start with—"

"Why not start with me?" came the smooth voice of Minorcas Brown.

Patsy wheeled and almost fell off her stool. She turned fiery red.

"For the love of Mike!" was all she could find voice for. Freda Brüning was watching her with delighted Teutonic sentimentality.

"What did you come here for?" demanded Patsy wrathfully.

This evidently did not impress Freda, who was trying to telegraph an eye message to her brother.

"To take you out to lunch, of course," said Minorcas urbanely. "And the charming Fräulein Brüning"—he bowed ironically—"if she will honor us—despite the fact that no one will introduce us."

"But—what in the world are you here for, Minorcas?" Patsy, bewildered, was mechanically shaking hands.

"Course of lectures at the university: six or eight weeks. But first, lunch. How about it?"

Patsy laughed excitedly and began to yank open the snaps on her work smock.

"Let's go," she said decisively. "Come on, Freda. Hurry up, Karl. Stick my mike in the case, will you?"

Freda, still trying to catch her brother's slower eye, shook her head.

"No," she beamed. "Karl said I—we cannot. We have the day planned. Tomorrow perhaps. But for you, Patsy, it will be much good. *Wunderschön, mein Liebchen.*"

Can Minorcas succeed in another siege of his peculiar analytical love against Patsy? Or has he new tactics to practice? What effect will this romantic meeting in Vienna have upon Judith—upon Prescott? Dangers and fresh complications multiply in next week's Liberty.

PREVIEWING HOLLYWOOD

Disney's Darlings on Parade

Your reviewer surveys the current crop, with a special salute for Donald Duck . . The camera cons the splinter fleet . . La Rainer acts again

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

WALT DISNEY'S SHORTS

3½ stars on inspection of eight new cartoon comedies. Humor, imagination, a nice spirit of whimsey. Our favorite actor, Donald Duck, is in one or two of them.

WALT DISNEY is the only Hollywood producer who has no temperament trouble. Yet he's a hard boss to work for. He is never satisfied. They say his eight-minute short, Ferdinand the Bull, based on the Munro Leaf-Robert Lawson best seller, is more to his liking than Snow White. It is amusing, this yarn of a pacifist bull who drives matadors to distraction, but it has more set restraint than the usual Disney. Your Beverly Hills likes better that fine figure of indignation, Donald Duck, innocently delivering a time bomb in Donald's Lucky Day, the Silly Symphony presenting Hans Christian Andersen's sentimental Ugly Duckling, or the Three Little Porkers combating that old villain, the Big Bad Wolf with their lie detector in The Practical Pig.

Three full-length films are in the works at the Disney Imagination Factory right now: Leopold Stokowski and Deems Taylor are playing around with a musical idea; Felix Salten's gentle fable of a deer, Bambi, is being filmed; and Pinocchio is on the fire.

Mr. Disney has a staff of about 875, some 600 being artists. Yet he says he's desperately in need of idea men, that is, story-minded artists. A short such as Ferdinand the Bull was three months in the making. Spontaneity takes time.

Released by RKO-Radio.

SUBMARINE PATROL

3 stars predicted. The splinter fleet, do-or-die on the high seas, U-boats. And a new romantic duo, Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly.

THIS tells something of the part the United States Navy played in the World War. It is a yarn of the splinter fleet, the small wooden submarine chasers used to convoy men and supplies through U-boat-infested waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean.

Richard Greene and newcomer Nancy Kelly featured in Submarine Patrol.

The story itself concerns a rich man's son who is seeking a soft berth. Instead, he lands on S. C.-599 as chief engineer—and, of course, the war makes a man of the lad. Indeed, he distinguishes himself destroying a U-boat nest in the Adriatic.

For some of the scenes the Twentieth Century-Fox studios built a replica of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, dry docks, cranes, and all, and constructed two subchasers, complete in every detail from fo'c's'lehead to sternpost, operating them in a great tank. These cost the studio $50,000 and represent the work of Hollywood's sea expert, Chris Christensen.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, November 30. The winner will be announced in the issue of January 7.

Handsome, spoiled socialite Perry Townsend is acted by Richard Greene, a Devonshire, England, lad who can trace his stage ancestry back to his great-great-grandparents. You saw him first in Four Men and a Prayer. This was a tough assignment, for Greene is beaten up by George Bancroft, knocked about slippery decks, battered by waves. The heroine is Nancy Kelly, a newcomer, seventeen, from the New York stage. Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom plays a tough sergeant of marines. After the storm scenes Maxie admitted that the prize ring was just a gentle pastime.

Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest picture.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL

3 stars predicted. Emotional drama of a working girl who just must be an actress. Luise Rainer is the girl.

LUISE RAINER in the role of a poor factory worker who struggles to become an actress against as discouraging odds as two Continental playwrights and an expert scenario staff can marshal into line. Louise Mauban toils by night in order to attend her dramatic school by day. All this takes place in Paris. Originally the background was Budapest, the picture being adapted from a Hungarian play called Sziniiskola. Maybe the Metro lion thought Paris a safer background in these politically troubled days.

Louise Mauban lives in an imaginary world of her own, a sort of barricade against reality. The story is typically Continental—in brief, an ingeniously devised yarn of a much misunderstood heroine. Miss Rainer has wide emotional opportunities—if she grasps them. And La Rainer needs a good film right now.

Alan Marshal has the leading male

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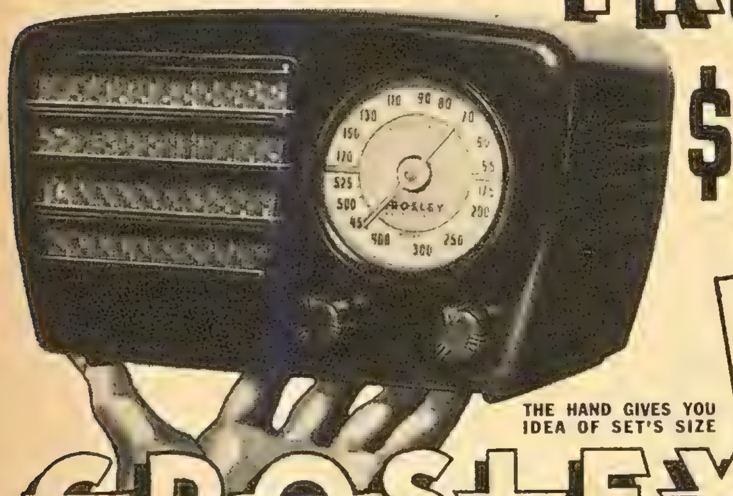

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YOUR NEXT PIPE

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"LUDEN'S OF COURSE"

LUDEN'S *MENTHOL COUGH DROPS* 5¢

role, of a wealthy playboy show backer who wins and loses the little actress' love.

Much-talked-about Paulette Goddard makes her third film appearance in this. They whisper in Hollywood that little love was wasted between Rainer and Goddard on the sets of Dramatic School. As youngsters in the dramatic school you will see Lana Turner, 1939 Clara Bow and Mickey Rooney's love life in Love Finds Andy Hardy; Ona Munson, stage actress doing a comeback in films, Robin Page, daughter of Chico Marx; the sons of Edward Arnold and Julius Tannen.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the October 22 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Leigh P. Lyman, 302 North Willett Street, Memphis, Tennessee, for his review on The Sisters.

Present, too, is Kay Stewart, Northwestern University's famous acrobatic yell leader. Youth, you see, will be served.

This is the second film of the director, Robert Sinclair.

Metro is hoping that this may win a third gold statuette for La Rainer, twice winner of the Academy Award. Your Beverly Hills, however, is betting on Bette Davis for her splendid performance in The Sisters.

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4,—), Suez (3,—), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½,—), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes (3½,—), Four Daughters, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School.

★★★—Just Around the Corner, Angels with Dirty Faces (3½,—), The Shining Hour, Sixty Glamorous Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy (3,—), Brother Rat (3,—), The Arkansas Traveler (3,—), Mr. Wong Detective (3,—), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood.

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DECORATION BY
FLOHERTY, JR.

FLOHERTY JR

HOLLYWOOD'S Romance Racket

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Here are plain, disturbing facts from a land where heart-throbs are not always what they seem

WHEN Daniel Cupid goes calling in Hollywood, that old quiver-and-arrows hokum is on ice. Out where the movies begin, Mr. Cupid carries a headline in one hand and a flashlight bulb in the other, and the way he finds (he always finds a way, you recall) is crooked indeed. For love in the land of the galloping tintypes is strictly a commodity and romance is a racket. If you are a movie personality you may find your love almost any place, but where you take it is to the swankiest spot in town —the Trocadero or the big premières and previews. That "alone together" stuff is best forgotten. Handle it right and a hundred cameras will record your devotion and the light in your eyes will be reflected from the pages of a thousand newspapers.

That's what the press agents tell the ambitious movie youngsters these days. Love can be made to pay off in publicity space. With candid cameras shooting from behind everything from rosebushes to soup plates, with eighty-two newspaper columns on movies going out daily to the world, with air commentators clamoring constantly for gossip, the press boys have discovered the selling power of love. Any engagement can make the headlines of newspaper syndicates reaching millions of people.

So the press agents are whooping it up, mating and parting young lovers every hour. For once a day is not enough. There are four or five editions of the big dailies every time the clock goes round. Accordingly, the smarter young actors are brought in and instructed to love them, for publicity's sake.

Yes indeed, bright boys. Love your leading ladies. Love 'em and leave 'em. Marriage is carrying a good thing too far, and divorce is a mess. It's the falling-in-love routine that is the hot stuff. That sells tickets to the pictures starring the petting pair.

Yet, despite all this biological ballyhoo, there is a method by which we cash customers can distinguish loves that are real in Hollywood from the ones that belong to its romance racket. Here it is in one sentence: Check on the existing contracts. Any romance between two personalities employed by the same studio you should suspect. Any romance between two personalities working for rival studios is likely to be genuine.

Contrast, for example, the romance of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, the marriage of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, the whatever-it-is between Garbo and Stokowski, the courtship of Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, with the loves and lives of Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, or Wayne Morris, to mention just a few.

Wayne Morris is a big blond youngster who discovered himself. Warner Brothers gave him his chance in Kid Galahad, and he clicked. So far, so good; but the boy was unknown. There was always the provoking spectacle of Gable, down on the Metro lot, cornering most of the "great lover" space of the world, though leaving a few scraps of it for Robert Taylor. There was the fact, also, that those two were in the ranks of the "big ten" among box-office draws. Perhaps the great-lover touch and the box-office popularity didn't necessarily go together; but, again, perhaps they did. It was worth finding out about, anyhow.

Thus, shortly thereafter, it appeared that Wayne Morris, the new Warner discovery, was romancing with Lana Turner (who, oddly enough, was a Warner discovery also). That lasted for several editions, and then Mr. Morris was found in type dating with little Dixie Dunbar. Shortly thereafter it was Eleanor Powell. Then it was Nan Grey. Then it was Jane Bryan. Then it was Alice Faye. But finally true love came to Mr. Morris, the big moment, the two-hearts-beating-as-one trip-hammer. This love was an unknown girl (though it did so happen she was going to play the lead in Mr. Morris' next picture, Love, Honor and Behave). Her name was Priscilla Lane. Their perfect love, well publicized, kept up through Men Are Such Fools also. But meantime little Miss Lane has proven what a slick actress she is in Four Daughters; so, even though she and Wayne appear in Brother Rat together, there's simply no romance talk any more. Wayne, it seems, is now engaged to one Betty Jane Ferguson, who isn't even a professional.

As for Mr. Taylor, he has always been difficult to manage from a straight publicity standpoint. But on the score of his romances he has been very tough indeed. Young as he is, he apparently has a natural tendency toward monogamy. When he first came to Hollywood, out of Pomona College by a small town in Nebraska, he met a pretty lass named Irene Hervey. A couple of discouraging years happened to both of them. Then Bob hit it in a Crime Doesn't Pay two-reeler. Immediately

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the studio build-up started and the Taylor-Hervey love collapsed.

Exactly what happened is not definitely known, but certain it is that Irene Hervey gave every appearance of being heartbroken, and shortly thereafter Mr. Taylor began to be interested, in print, in his leading women. His studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, borrowed Janet Gaynor for a picture with him, and immediately the word got out and the candid-camera shots proved that they were looking longingly at each other. The Taylor-Gaynor picture safely released, however, Mr. Taylor became interested in Barbara Stanwyck. That was all O. K., too, since Twentieth Century-Fox put them together into a picture. After that had visited the theaters Mr. Taylor was expected to look to other filles. Only he didn't. He kept right on going with Miss Stanwyck—and he is still doing it. And since Miss Stanwyck belongs to RKO and Bob belongs to M-G-M, it undoubtedly is love.

But you can bet a kopeck or two that such fidelity is a headache to their respective studios. For nothing makes one studio press department so mad as to have to split its publicity space with another studio press department. Hence the fact that, considering their intensity, you have seen as little as was humanly possible about the Grant-Brooks romance, or that of Gable and Lombard. In both those cases the principals are natural "copy." Gable and Lombard in particular have never done a thing quietly in their uninhibited lives. They do exactly as they please, while their studios mutter angrily and let fall hints now and again that the combine is breaking up.

FOR that is a rule in reverse by which you judge a real romance from one made of newspaper. When you keep hearing the rumors of quarrels and separations, and yet you see some movie couple keep right on appearing together, you may be sure it is the publicity boys at work—only acting as suppress agents for a change. When Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond—working at different studios—became engaged, the whispers of their incompatibility and troubles were constantly about. They continued in love, married, and are visibly happy. They thus ruined the romantic build-up that had been insinuated for the MacDonald-Eddy pictures.

In contrast, Greta Garbo has cooperated very nicely. The Gilbert-Garbo romance was true, and Garbo's insistence on John Gilbert returning as her leading man in Queen Christina, at a time when Gilbert was all washed up, was one of the finest gestures of loyalty Hollywood has ever seen. But there was a faint odor of the ocean at low tide about Miss Garbo's reported infatuation with Ramon Novarro right at the time that their co-starring picture Mata Hari was released, or her tour with Rouben Mamoulian, the director of Queen Christina, just as that picture was being given to the public. The Stokowski attachment, however, has come between pictures. The publicity for Mr. Stokowski certainly is no help to Metro, which pays the Viking Venus. Undoubtedly it is all a great big error, from a press agent's standpoint.

But all workings of the romance racket pale before the case of Tyrone Power. Young, intense, highly ambitious, this handsome young man has—at least in type—loved right on schedule. There was his romancing with Sonja Henie, followed by their picture together, Thin Ice. There was his dancing and dining with Loretta Young, followed by their pictures together, Love Is News and Café Metropole. He played opposite Norma Shearer in Marie Antoinette, and more than one commentator wondered in large type if Norma Had Found a New Love. There was chatter about him and Annabella just before the two were to be seen together on the screen in Suez.

AGAINST this, however, there were those dates after dates that Mr. Power had with Janet Gaynor. That didn't make economic sense, and when a pairing doesn't make economic sense in Hollywood it usually means it is sincere. Gaynor was several years Power's senior. She was under contract to Selznick International, while Tyrone belongs to Twentieth Century. She was a famous flirt as well as a divorcee, none of which adds up into being the right love for a rising young star. But the Gaynor-Power romance kept on for six months or so. Then it was over. Miss Gaynor began appearing with Adrian, the costume designer; but, even more significant, Power in a new picture, Jesse James, opposite a new leading lady, Nancy Kelly, isn't reported "that way" about Miss Kelly at all.

Which might mean that his emotions got seriously involved where Miss Gaynor was concerned. And yet again it might not. Many of his closest friends believe he was seriously enamored of Miss Henie for a while. And certainly many men have been infatuated with Loretta Young. It is entirely possible that, in his case, he was in love with all of them.

For therein lies the cruelty of the romance racket in Hollywood. It may deceive us, the cash customers; but frequently it deceives the young people involved in it even more. It is this very power of being capable of feeling any emotion they are told to feel that makes them actors.

The rotten part of it all is that it leads to general disillusion. We customers lose our faith in Hollywood's bright young people—but they lose something more. They lose their faith in their own hearts.

Because for sensitive people it must be a bit horrifying never to know, when you whisper "I love you," whether the words are sincere—or just another line of dialogue.

THE END

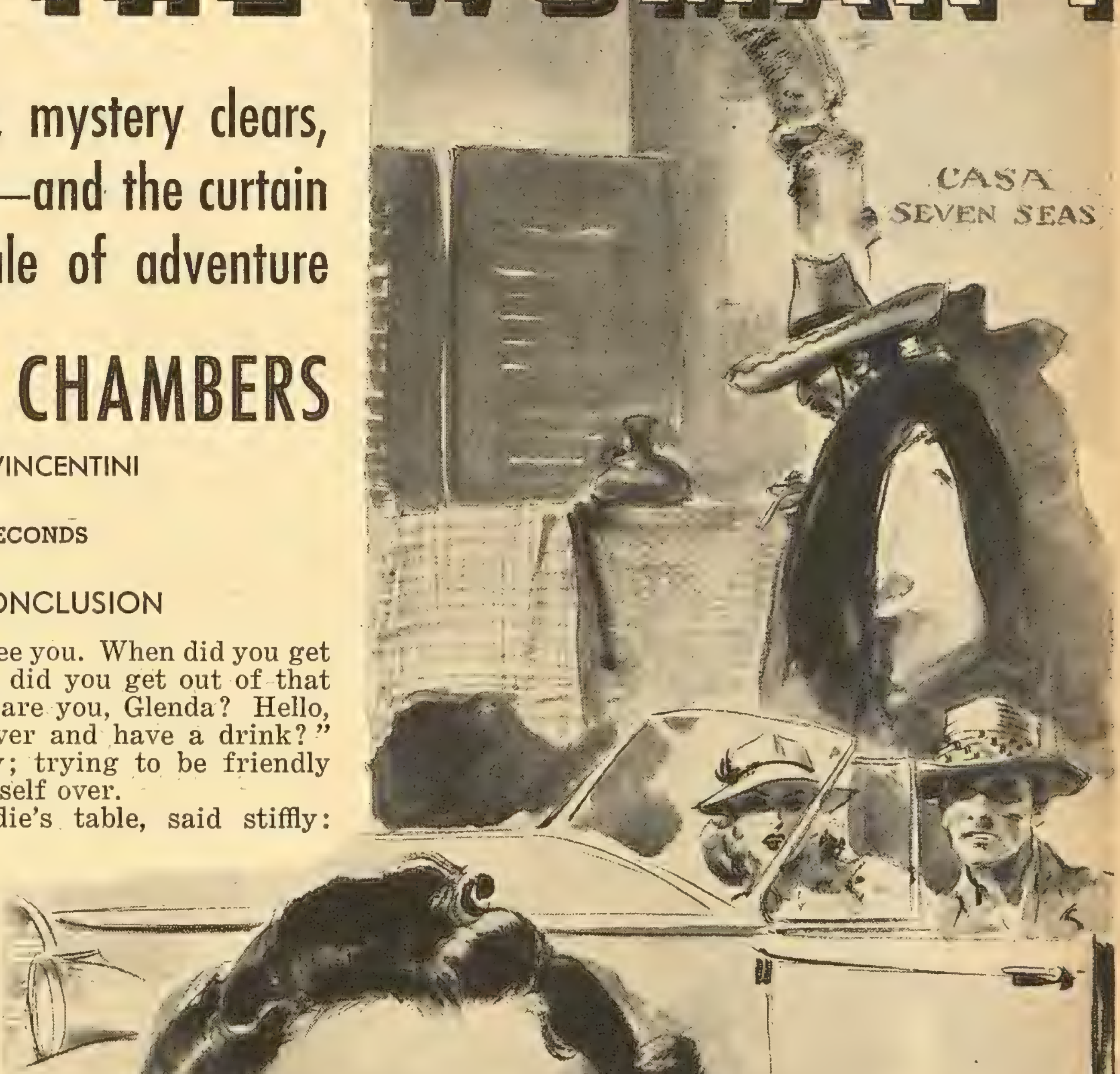
LOSE THE WOMAN!

Swiftly death strikes, mystery clears, true love rides away—and the curtain falls on a stirring tale of adventure

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



She walked on down the street without looking back. "You're not going to leave her here, alone in Acapulco?" said Glenda.

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

"WELL, Larry! So glad to see you. When did you get back in town? And how did you get out of that jam at Chacahua? How are you, Glenda? Hello, Norma. Won't you all come over and have a drink?"

Trudie spoke fast, nervously; trying to be friendly and gay, she wasn't putting herself over.

I pulled chairs up to Trudie's table, said stiffly: "Come on, Glenda, Norma. Noel, drag up another chair."

It was one of those things called a situation. We all realized it, we all hated it, and yet there was nothing to do but carry it off.

"How are you, Trudie?" Glenda asked. I knew she was trying to be friendly but she wasn't enough of an actress; her voice was stiff and formal.

"Oh, I'm fine," Trudie replied, too brightly.

"Look, Larry," Glenda turned to me. "Suppose you endorse that money order and I'll take it over and cash it at the post office. Then I'll settle with Norma. Noel can come with us in case there's an argument. Surely, Noel, you have a friend in the post office?"

"You bet," Noel replied with a laugh. "I got friends everywhere."

"We'll be back in just a few minutes," Glenda added hurriedly. "And then we can have a George Washington with Trudie. O. K.?"

"O. K.," I said heavily.

She was giving me, I knew, one last chance to face the issue, to make up my mind definitely how I felt about Trudie Bechtel.

I sat down and signaled the waiter. "Trudie?"

"I'll have a beer."

"I want a double Scotch."

The waiter went away, and I sat watching Glenda and Norma and Noel walking up the street.

"Well, Larry?"

I said, not looking at her: "Where's Frazier?"

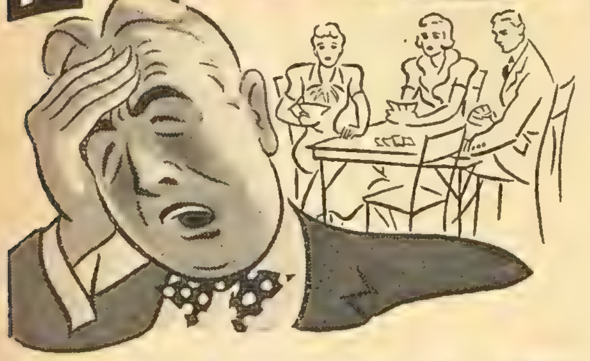
"He's gone to send a telegram about the wheel of his plane that broke. . . . But please let's not talk about Frazier. We have so little time, Larry."

"We have all the time in the world, Trudie."

"No. We haven't. In a few minutes you'll be getting in your car, driving away with Glenda, driving out of my life. And I hope you'll be very, very happy. Sincerely, dear, I do."

I looked at her then, looked into her eyes, searching for the irony she couldn't quite hide in her voice. But

TORTURING HEADACHE?



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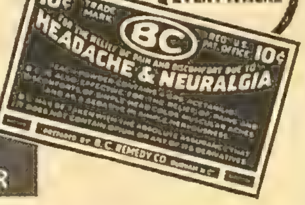

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for Stopped-Up NOSTRILS due to colds

WHY try to open stuffy nostrils by blowing into your handkerchief until your nose is red? Simply insert a little Mentholatum into each nostril. Note how effectively, yet gently, it relieves the stuffiness and soothes the irritated membranes. Instead of being a "blowhard," use Mentholatum. It's the clean, gentle way to open stopped-up nostrils due to colds.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT *Daily*

there was no irony there. Her eyes were tired and too bright, and they met mine without flinching.

The waiter came with our drinks and went away. I drank mine to the last drop, put the glass down on the table, sat watching the lazy life in the square across the street: The soiled Indians dozing in the shade. The small booths in the center of the plaza, with their neat piles of oranges, coconuts, dulces, mangoes, brightly colored bottled drinks.

"Did you have much trouble getting out of jail?" Trudie asked.

"No, not much."

"I guess you thought it was pretty rotten of me to desert you. But with Glenda and Noel staying to help you, I didn't see that I'd be of much use."

"I was all right. Noel bribed me out of jail and we had no more trouble." I took a deep breath and plunged:

"Look here, Trudie. You've got to tell me one thing. Why did you go out on the beach with Frazier that night?"

She, too, took a deep sighing breath. She must have known she couldn't escape that question.

"I asked you to go, Larry," she said quietly, "and you refused. You said it was too dangerous. But that wasn't the real reason. You didn't *want* to go. I knew then that you were in love with Glenda."

I thought about that for a minute, knew that what she said was true.

"You still, Trudie, haven't answered my question. Were you trying to buy our lives? Or were you truly fascinated by Curtis Frazier?"

IT was a little of both—that and the realization that you and I could never be happy together. You know, it didn't occur to me until I got down here that you and I, Larry, had always been completely alone. We never were at any time in conflict with other people. I hardly so much as saw you speak to another woman. And I never realized what a shameful jealous streak I had. You see, I don't believe I could ever be happy with a man I truly loved."

"That's nonsense, Trudie."

"No, dear, it's not. I know it is so much easier to have a man who—who only fascinates you."

"That's rot! Are you going to marry Frazier?"

"I don't know. It isn't important anyway. The man has me completely fascinated and I'm happy and contented."

"You are like hell!" I retorted bitterly.

"Larry, Larry!" she pleaded. "Please let's not spoil our last few minutes together by quarreling. I've chosen my road and you've chosen yours. Why can't we wave good-by to each other and go on our ways without recrimination and bitterness and heartache?"

I should have been satisfied to leave it at that. But I couldn't. I couldn't down the conviction that Trudie was lying to free me. And while I knew that I loved Glenda, I still had Trudie on my conscience. I felt I had to break her down, make her tell the truth. Then perhaps I could do something about it all.

So I said, trying her out: "You can't brush me off like this, Trudie. You can't give me the run-around for a heel like Frazier."

"Does that hurt your pride?" She was sarcastic now.

"It isn't that," I disclaimed.

"Then what is it? After all this, surely you're not going to insist you love me more than you love Glenda. It seems to me if there's any brushing off being done, you're the one who's doing it. And what do you think that does to *my* pride?"

"Look here!" I blurted. "I've just struck gold in Hollywood. I have enough dough to last us a year or two, and when it's gone I can make plenty more. I can support you decently without touching a cent of Ben's money. How about it? Will you marry me? Right here in Acapulco? Today?"

"You sold your picture rights?"

"Yes. I just got the letter a while ago."

"Larry! I'm so glad for you!"

"That's fine, and I'm glad you're glad, but it doesn't answer my question. Will you marry me?"

HER eyes were bright and shining as she smiled into mine. "No, dear, I won't. Definitely. You see, I've worked hard for Ben's money. There's a lot of it and I'm going to have a grand time spending it. And I'd rather not be handicapped by a husband who would have scruples against helping me. Do I make myself clear, Larry?"

"That you're a grasping little tramp whose only thought is the money of a husband whose murderer hasn't even been found? No. You don't and you're not."

"Then shall I try again to convince you that you're really an appallingly poor judge of character?"

"No. I'll admit it any time."

"Then let's forget it and have one more drink."

I knew, then, it was no use. She had made up her mind to play the game her own way. There was nothing more I could ever do for Trudie Bechtel. It was with an unhappy sort of relief that I called the waiter.

She ordered Scotch this time, and we drank to each other. And the Scotch, hitting bottom, helped a little, and after a while I had the courage to ask my last question.

"Trudie, who killed Ben?"

"Larry, I haven't the faintest idea."

"Frazier?"

She shrugged, queried: "To get that plane, and me, and through me, Ben's fortune? Possibly. I wouldn't put it beyond him. He told me the night Ben was killed, when we were on the beach together. that he saw no earthly reason for allowing a man like Ben to live. But whoever killed Ben knew where the rifle was hidden, and Curtis was with me when you hid it. So—"

"But what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Nothing. What could be gained by further investigation? The police in Oaxaca are no longer interested, and I can't say I am either. And nobody else—"

"Here's Phillipson now," I interrupted.

Maida and the photographer were coming across the plaza from Cooper's Express. Maida wore a new and costly looking dress. Phil had on a new linen suit and a fine new Panama hat. Over his shoulder was slung Ben Bechtel's expensive German movie camera. They looked like two prosperous tourists who had just hit town with a pocketful of money. And yet when they'd left for Chacahua I knew they hadn't a peso between them.

Maida saw us first, waved, caught Phil by the arm, and quickened her step. And in that brief moment, while they were crossing the street, I knew who had killed Ben Bechtel. I'd been a fool not to have figured it out sooner.

"Larry! My old sweetheart!" Maida cried. "When did you get out of jail?"

"Hello, Maida. How's it, Phil? You're looking prosperous for a change."

Maida smoothed her dress over her hips and turned like a fashion model. "Neat, huh, Larry?"

"She means the dress. Haw-haw!" Phillipson guffawed. "Well, how about a drink, Larry? You've bought me plenty; now I'm going to buy you one."

He was pretty drunk.

"Sit down, Maida," I said. "Order a drink for yourself and Trudie. I want a word with my pal Phillipson!"

The cameraman blinked. "Now, Larry, you're not the kind of a guy that holds a grudge, are you, old man? I had to squeal when that cop put the finger on me. If I hadn't, he'd have thrown me in the jug."

"Come on, Phil. We're taking a walk."

I TOOK his arm and hustled him down the street. I could feel the slack muscles trembling under my fingers. He either had an awful hang-over, and it was a bit late in the day for that, or else he was badly frightened. I took a chance on running a bluff.

"Get this telegram, Phil. Are you listening?"

"I'm not missing a word, old thing."

"Chief of Police, Los Angeles, California. Holding itinerant cameraman now using alias Phillipson. Poses as Englishman. May have done some acting in Hollywood. Height five feet five inches. Weight—"

"My God, Larry! You wouldn't do that, would you?"

"What do they want you for, Phil?"

"Only a little embezzlement, Larry. Look, old man," he begged, "you wouldn't—"

"No, Phil, I wouldn't. Not if you come clean about that killing at Chacahua."

"I never touched Bechtel, Larry!" he vowed.

"I know you didn't. You just took a few hundred dollars from Frazier to tell the right story, didn't you?"

"I hadda do it, Larry. He'd have killed me too." He gulped. "I—I never even watched him do it."

"I believe that too. All you did was tell Frazier where the gun was and agree on a story with him. Right?"

"That's right, Larry. I never knew, then, that he was planning to hook you for the job."

"He wanted to get me out of the way, didn't he? Away from Trudie. So he sent word to Tututepec by those Negritos who wanted to take us hunting that a murder had been committed. Right?"

"That's right, Larry." Phillipson was almost blubbering now. "What are you going to do to me, old man?"

"Not a thing. I just wanted to settle a question in my own mind. Bechtel was alive when Frazier hit him, wasn't he?"

"He came to just a minute after Frazier told me what he was going to do. Bechtel was sitting up, groaning. Frazier picked up the gun and walked over. I ran around a dune, and when he called me back, Bechtel was done for. Look, Larry, old chap! You won't—"

"Phillipson, you're a louse and a bum, but I'm not going to mention your part in this to anybody. I honestly believe you were forced into being an accessory."

"Larry, I was! I swear I was!"

"O. K. Forget it then."

"AMERICA'S NUMBER 1. SHAVERS"

the verdict of the public!

● Man after man who has used the Remington and Rand Close-Shavers tells us that here, at last, are shavers that really *shave!* As this goes to press, our factory has been running night and day for three months, yet we are still more than 500% behind on production schedules. So, you'll play safe by ordering from your dealer *now* for your own use or for Christmas giving.

The 1939 **REMINGTON** Close-Shaver **$15.75**

Has Diamond Brand shaving-head; powerful, brushless motor that runs on both AC and DC. Complete with de luxe, chromium-trimmed, lizard-grain case. (With flap and button traveling case, $15.00.)

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First quality shaver to sell under $10.00! Has new Diamond Brand shaving-head, self-starting AC motor, non-slip handgrip; no radiointerference. Complete with handy Durahyde traveling case.

30% CLOSER! The "shaving blades" on Remington and Rand Close-Shavers get 30% closer to the skin than those of any other electric shaver—at 2/1000ths of an inch. That's why these are America's Number One *Close*-Shavers!

GENERAL SHAVER DIVISION of REMINGTON RAND Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

We had made the complete circuit of the plaza by that time and we got back to the Seven Seas just as Glenda, Norma, and Noel were pulling chairs up to Trudie's table.

"Well, folks," Norma was saying cheerfully, "let's have a drink to the bride and groom to be. They're leaving, Maida, for Taxco just as soon as we have one last George Washington."

"Really?" Maida beamed. "How grand!"

How could I tell them I wasn't going to Taxco until I'd told Trudie that Frazier had killed her husband? And after that, we might never get to Taxco.

"Well, well!" I heard Phillipson exclaim. "The party is now complete. Drag on your George Washingtons."

I turned just in time to see Frazier mount the curb from the dusty street. His face was so battered I hardly knew him. He didn't try to smile, didn't try to hide the hostility in his cold, discolored eyes. And yet he said with seeming cheerfulness:

"Hi, there, March! How are you, Miss Neil?"

His gaze rested for an instant on Noel, turned back to me. I said quietly: "We're fine, Frazier."

"Have any trouble getting out of that jam down there?"

"Just twelve hundred pesos' worth of trouble."

"Whew! How'd you raise it?"

"I had a friend," I said.

"Fine. Wish I had a few friends like that. Well, what are you people drinking?"

"We're drinking George Washingtons." Trudie's voice was high, held under not too good control. I knew she felt the tension between Frazier and me.

"Larry and Glenda are leaving right away for Taxco," Maida volunteered. "They're going to be married, and we're sending them on their way with one last George Washington."

"That's fine. Glad to hear it. But I don't care for a George Washington. Waiter, a double Cuba libre."

The waiter took our orders, and Phillipson and I dragged up chairs, got Norma and Glenda seated. I sat down myself, acutely conscious that Noel was standing quietly behind my chair.

"By Jove, this is too good to miss!" Phillipson exclaimed. "All of you sitting here, drinking George Washingtons. I have to get a picture of you. Maida, that new frock will look grand in color."

He unlimbered his camera as the others started chattering. Every one, now, was beginning to feel the tension and was trying to cover it by talking fast.

Only Frazier was not talking. He sat there with his arm along Trudie's shoulders, as self-contained, as stolid, as sure of himself as he had been that afternoon when the bullets were flying. It was quite a while before I realized he was staring steadily at Noel.

Phillipson was having trouble with his camera, or else he was stalling until the drinks came. He seemed plenty tight, and I suspected that one or two more drinks would pass him out on his feet.

"Have any trouble getting the money, Glenda?" I asked.

"No, not a bit." She smiled at me but with her lips alone. I knew she was tense and worried. "There was a little argument about identifying your signature. But Noel came to my rescue, as usual. There isn't a thing to do now but have our drinks and go."

Her eyes, meeting mine, pleaded: *Please, please hurry! Please take me away from here before something happens. Everything started at the Seven Seas. Please, darling, don't let everything end here!*

The waiter came with our drinks. Phillipson grabbed one, downed it, and backed away with his camera.

"When you start drinking," he ordered, "turn toward the camera and give me some smiles. Look happy."

The waiter passed the drinks around. Trudie raised her glass, said brightly: "To Larry and Glenda."

The others echoed her toast. All but Frazier. The pilot, staring straight ahead, said crisply:

"I'm damned if I'll drink with a half-caste mongrel."

There was an instant's taut silence. And in that instant a shadow swept swiftly across the table. I glanced up involuntarily. A vulture was wheeling in a slow tight spiral above the Seven Seas.

Noel leaned over and put his glass on the table. There was a dangerous glitter in his black eyes.

"I don't want to cause my friends no embarrassment," he said quietly, and then added, his voice growing harsher and louder: "Besides, I got a little pride myself about who I drink with. Maybe you put it over on the rest of these people, Frazier, but you didn't put nothing over on me. I know—"

"Shut up!" Frazier snarled.

"I ain't shuttin' up!" Noel shot back.

I knew with a sinking heart that the Mexican in him was coming out. The love of danger for its own sake, the headstrong flaunting courage, the fierce unreasoning pride of a trampled race. I knew this and turned to beg him to go away.

Frazier, stiff in his chair, apparently had not moved a muscle. And yet unaccountably there was an automatic resting flat on his thigh and his right hand was clasped about the butt.

"Look toward the camera and give me a smile!" Phillipson yelled from down the street. "I never saw such a sour-looking crowd in my life."

I saw Noel's hand moving toward his hip pocket. I started to get out of my chair as he said viciously:

"I ain't shuttin' up! I know you killed Mr. Bechtel and I know how you done it. I figgered the whole thing—"

Frazier barked: "If you say another word, I'll shoot you down like a dog!"

"Yeah? Then go ahead an' start shootin'!"

Noel's gun was out. There were two shots, but they were so close together they sounded as one.

Frazier's right arm dropped to his side. The automatic slipped from his limp fingers and clattered on the sidewalk. His body slumped, his shoulders sagged, and his head came to rest on Trudie's shoulder. There was a small round hole squarely between his eyes.

Noel had whirled half around, lost his balance, and stumbled off the curb. He landed on his side in the dusty street, rolled over on his back, and tried feebly and unsuccessfully to rise.

As I leaped from my chair and jumped into the street beside him, he said weakly:

"Kill him, Mr. March! Kill him—for me!"

It seemed to take all his strength to raise the rusty old gun and thrust it toward me.

"I don't have to, kid. He's dead. Where'd he hit you?"

"Here." He motioned toward his left breast. As I pulled open his shirt he muttered: "Mr. March—he was goin' to kill me—then he was goin'—to kill you. . . . I seen it comin'."

The crowd that always forms was converging on us from every direction. Police whistles were blowing. Feet were pounding on the sidewalk. And Maida del Roche was screaming hysterically.

"Don't talk, Noel," I urged. "Just lie still. We'll have a doctor for you in a minute."

"I won't talk no more, Mr. March."

He looked at me and grinned. Then he closed his eyes like a tired kid. He died right there in the dust.

We must have been an hour giving statements to the bored police and arranging to have the bodies taken care of and trying to get ourselves together again. During that hour Phillipson approached me several times and said, "Larry, old chap! Look here!" He never got any further, because each time I shoved him away.

The crowd finally thinned out. I put Glenda in my car and sent Norma back to Caleta in a taxi. I sent Maida and Phillipson into the bar for at least their tenth drink since the killing. And I stood there in front of the Seven Seas alone with Trudie.

"Well, Trudie," I said quietly, "I'm sorry it had to come out this way."

"It wasn't your fault, Larry."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. But please don't worry about me."

"Would you like it if Glenda and I drove you up to Mexico City?"

"No, dear," she said wearily. "You're sweet to offer, but I'll be all right. I'll stay here and probably go out on the California with Norma. Please go on now, and have a nice trip, and be very, very happy."

She gave my hand a quick hard squeeze. As she turned away, her lips were trembling and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Trudie! Please!"

She walked on down the street without looking back.

I walked over to the car and slid behind the wheel.

"You're not going to leave her here, all alone in Acapulco, are you?" Glenda asked.

"That's the way she wants it, Glenda," I said heavily. "There's nothing else to do, is there?"

She sighed. "No, I guess that there's nothing else to do."

"Shall we go now?"

"Please, darling."

I turned the key, stepped on the starter. Just as I was easing in the clutch, Phillipson ran out of the Seven Seas and leaped on the running board beside me.

"Larry! Larry!" he yelled excitedly. "I been trying to tell you. I got it!"

"You drunken idiot, what did you get?"

"The killing! I got it, Larry! *And all in color, too!*"

I put my hand against his pale perspiring face and shoved as hard as I could. As he pitched over backward I shot away from the Seven Seas and swung around the plaza on to the main highway out of town. I looked back once. Phillipson was lying in the street and Maida was kneeling beside him. His head was in her lap and she was brushing the dust of Acapulco out of his hair.

THE END

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After years of strenuous work, most movie stars are as energetic, as youthful, as ever. Know why? They keep in trim; they eat foods which yield *abundant energy*. In Baby Ruth candy is an abundance of food-energy. That's because Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. Dextrose is the chief "fuel" of the body. That's why Baby Ruth is more than a pure delicious candy. It's a real energy food as well.

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CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

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THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

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RIDE YOUR

Why has the U. S. A. left the world behind in the magic of motoring? Here's a revealing answer

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DECORATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN the January, 1912, issue of Motor, R. E. Olds, designer of Reo, published an advertisement entitled My Farewell Car. Let me quote the first paragraph: "Reo the Fifth—the car I now bring out—is regarded by me as pretty close to finality. Embodied here are the final results of my 25 years of experience. I do not believe that a car materially better will ever be built. In any event, this car marks my limit. So I've called it My Farewell Car."

The interesting thing about that perfect car is that it cost $1,055. But the self-starter was twenty-five dollars extra. The top and windshield were not included in the price. For an extra $100 you could get a mohair top, side curtains, slip cover, windshield, acetylene-gas tank, and speedometer. If you preferred to save the extra $125 you could get a car—what a car!

Or take an early advertisement of the Ford. Model B sold for $2,000; Model C for $950. That was in 1905. Look at that car and look at the current Ford, some models of which sell for around $600.

Today 92 per cent of all new automobiles used in the United States sell at less than $750 wholesale. More than a third of the cars sell at less than $500 wholesale. The retail price of the three largest selling cars, Chevrolet, Ford, and Plymouth, starts at about $600. The average retail price for all cars used in the United States is $903—well under Mr. Olds' Farewell Car.

In 1895 four automobiles were owned in the United States. In 1937, 25,449,924 automobiles were registered in the United States. And, in spite of the fact that in that year 1937 we were still in a period of inadequate purchasing power, more cars were registered than in any year in American history.

And to this must be added the important fact that about 70 per cent of all motor vehicles in this world are owned in the United States—nearly one car, on the average, to every family. And that average is not made high because of city buyers, for a report by the United States Department of Agriculture shows that 85 per cent of all farm families own cars, that the average price among them for new cars was $739 and for used cars $263. No country approaches this record.

Approaches this record? Why, no other country comes within range of it! France shows one car to twenty-five persons; England to twenty-five persons; Germany to fifty-five persons; Italy to 109 persons. And then it goes down below that. Here in America it is one to every five persons.

What makes the difference? Are we smarter? Well, it is pretty hard to use that as an explanation for our superiority over all the world in the automobile field.

I think you will find a closer and fairer explanation in free and keen competition, in mass production, in availability, in advertising. The processes of creating

YE · SHALL · KNOW · THE · TRUTH · AND THE · TRUTH · SHALL · MAKE · YOU · FREE

OWN

and providing goods and services for the American people—unhampered by tradition, uninhibited by old-fashioned methods—made it possible for the American automobile manufacturer to provide a superior car at a lower price. This upgrade in quality and downgrade in price is the secret of our people having more and better cars than any one else has.

Once when I was going through one of the Chrysler factories in Detroit, this process was explained to me. Handmade models in lots of about twenty are made each time a new car is designed. These models are used for testing, exhibits, etc. They cost about $6,000 each. It was estimated for me that the first car manufactured each year costs approximately $7,000,000. That is the annual investment behind that car. Should the factory start to manufacture and then be forced to quit for one year with only a single car produced, $7,000,000 would be the cost to the company.

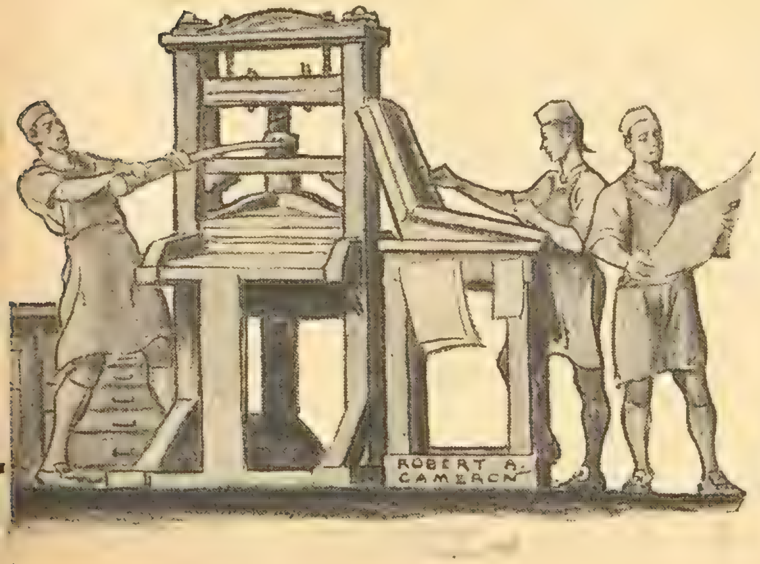
Yet that car will sell for little more than $1,000. What is the answer? Mass production—every one will say. Yes; but there can be no mass production unless there are buyers for the product. And there will be no buyers unless the car is widely advertised.

Hundreds of cars have been produced in the United States. Do you remember them? The Pilgrim? The Shelby? The Zimmerman? Where are they? Where is the Ranger, and the Media? These cars and several hundred more disappeared for many reasons; but the principal reason is that in a competitive market—and no market is more competitive than automobiles—they were not able to reach the people. They either had no story to tell or they did not tell it well enough or often enough.

This, of course, is the manufacturers' story. But the consumers' side of the case is even more interesting. No commodity that has ever been placed on any market, American or European, has changed as swiftly or as often as the American automobile. Every year there are many new improvements. The self-starter, the electric-lighting system, synchromesh, four-wheel brakes, floating power, safety-steel and turret-top bodies, hydraulic brakes, overdrive transmission—I could go on listing the improvements for the remainder of this article—the consumer must know about these improvements if he is to get value for his money. The consumer shops for automobiles in advertising. He reads his magazines and buys the car that strikes him right.

The consumer usually does not remember that a funny-looking car with an outrigging that would make us roar with laughter is a 1910 four-cylinder Packard limousine that sold for $5,550. But he does know that a far superior car, better constructed, stronger, safer, with greater horsepower, is the 1939 eight-cylinder Packard "120" five-passenger sedan, which sells for $1,295, or just about 75 per cent less. And he knows all about the new car, because he reads about it in advertisements. There is no other way to know about automobiles.

No one man is responsible for the American automobile. Charles E. Duryea, Henry Ford, Charles F. Kettering, Walter P. Chrysler, William Knudsen, Alvan Macauley, C. W. Nash—hundreds of Americans have devoted themselves to the improvement of every bolt and screw in the car as it comes to us. The race has been terrific to capture the American market. Each manufacturer has been eager to be the first to announce an improvement. Each has sought to offer the consumer a reason for disposing of last year's car and getting a new and better one. Each had to speak through advertising.



The only way the consumer can possibly learn what is available for him is through advertising. Freedom to improve and to advertise improvement must be unhampered.

Take, for instance, that simple and indispensable part, the speedometer. I have before me two advertisements, one published in November, 1906, and the other in December, 1907, in which the Warner and Stewart speedometers are fighting for the consumers' market. Today the speedometer is part of the car and the consumer does not buy it as extra equipment. And here is an advertisement for Smith's Gasoline Meter—the old cars did not have them: you stuck a stick into the gasoline tank to find out how much gas was in it.

Had the American automobile not improved year by year—and announced those improvements through advertising—there would not today be 25,000,000 cars on America's roads at prices which almost any one can afford. The price comes down only when more people buy cars. The automobile manufacturer's task has been to get more people to buy. He advertised.

On the average-priced automobile the cost of advertising is approximately $20. Twenty dollars per car has brought about all of the advantages we have been discussing. Now, who pays that $20? The consumer gets a better automobile for less money, so it certainly isn't costing him anything. The automobile manufacturer gets volume of sales, which means increased employment, production, and profits, so that $20 is not an expense to him.

Curious as it may seem, advertising saves money for the consumer and makes money for the manufacturer. So in reality it costs nobody anything.

A tremendous factor in the availability of the American automobile has been the freedom with which the American manufacturer has been able to produce a car for every price group. There have been no restrictions of any nature, so that a manufacturer has been able to go ahead with his ideas. The story is told that Charles F. Kettering of General Motors, who invented the self-starter, would never have been able to sell the idea to Cadillac, which was the first car to use it, if some one in that company had not broken an arm trying to start a car by the old-fashioned crank. These men could put a self-starter on a car without asking any one's permission. And they could tell the public about it through advertising without getting a government permit.

I have before me an article published in October, 1911, which starts:

"Motoring appears about to be relieved of the most humiliating requirement that still remains for the driver of a machine. With the advent of the motor-in-front type of car a decade ago the ridiculous spectacle of the driver lying on his back in the road under the machine 'tinkering' with its 'vitals' died an early and unmourned death. Soon afterward, the side entrance body relieved the passengers of the need of stepping into muddy or dusty streets to enter the tonneau. More recently the always curious spectators who assemble from nowhere and everywhere when a motorist is in trouble, were robbed of much of their delectation by the introduction of detachable rims, which reduced roadside tire trouble about seventy-five per cent. This year sees the almost general adoption of removable rims that will eliminate practically all tire work and tire inflation in public.

"Motorists are still under the painful necessity, however, of providing an awkward exhibition of helplessness when the motor becomes stalled in congested traffic. The driver must declutch, retard his ignition, throw back the robe that covers his knees in cool weather, open the side door, worm his way none too gracefully between the steering wheel and levers, walk around to the front of the machine and then give a good imitation of a Greek hand-organ musician while street cars crowded with impatient riders are held up with other traffic until the motor can be started with a crank, the whole cycle of

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If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimply skin—DON'T take harsh cathartics—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice).

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. And WHAT'S IMPORTANT: they ALSO stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All drugstores.

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COUGHS!
Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood are removed chiefly thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. And functional disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder may cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids, and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. Only 3c a dose at druggists.

BIG MONEY for STORIES
DIRECTED BY "PLOT GENIE"

One famous writer who sells over one million words a year develops his plots entirely from the PLOT GENIE. Many other authors do likewise. The PLOT GENIE gives you new and novel plots, "surprise twists," stimulates your imagination. The greatest aid to creative thinking ever devised. Write today for Circular 105—Parker & Baird Co., (book publishers since 1898) 241 E. Fourth St., Los Angeles, Calif.

movements enacted in reverse order and the machine got under motion again."

And this is an introduction to the self-starter. And these improvements in the automobile are continuous. They never stop. The automatic windshield wiper, the multi-beam headlight, the all-steel body, shock absorbers, and now the gearshift is beginning to move on to the steering wheel. What is next? Engines in the rear of the car, as they have been put in the rear by buses? Who knows? American cars must be improved; the consumer must get more for his money—no matter how little he pays for his car. Almost every year there is some great outstanding notable improvement to advertise, so that the consumers' market may be kept active. Unless that is done, plant and equipment will be idle; workers will be idle. Ingenuity, inventiveness, and advertising keep our foremost industry alive.

Housekeepers, a "guinea-pig book" says, can manufacture their own good breakfast cereal for 3 or 4 cents a pound. "Try and do it!" challenges Mr. Sokolsky's next article—and shows you how advertising has blessed every staff-of-life product. In an early issue!

And the same is true about rubber tires. As recently as twenty years ago the average car owner bought seven new tires a year. Today the replacement is about one new tire a year. In 1915 a tire was good for 3,000 miles; today an American tire, Firestone, Goodrich, Goodyear, United States, General, Kelly Springfield, Seiberling, and almost any other, will be good for 20,000 miles. In fact, American tires last so long that tire manufacturers feel that they have almost a perfect product. John F. Palmer, who invented the cord tire, got the idea while watching tires made in the Goodrich plant in Akron. That was a tremendous improvement over the old-type tires and paved the way for the current balloon tire.

The only way the consumer can possibly discover tire improvements is through advertisements. He will not read it in the technical journals and business organs where news about such things is published. He does not see such publications. He can only discover what is available for him in the mass-production field through advertising.

It is interesting to contemplate what would happen if there were no advertising or if it were restricted in some way. The maker of a new-style tire might be forbidden to advertise, because he might be told that the tires on the market are good enough. Why upset an industry by a new competitive improvement? Is that not waste? Temporarily—maybe. But in the long run every new device, every improvement is beneficial to the consumer. Freedom to make improvements and freedom to advertise improvements must not be hampered if the consumer is to enjoy all possible benefits of mass production.

And it is in this manner that jobs are made. If a new idea can be put into service immediately, new jobs are created by the immediate manufacture of the commodity in large quantities. No labor is displaced; instead, more labor is used. That is why the automobile industry, directly and indirectly, is the largest consumer of labor in this country. It is constantly making more jobs through advertising. And it is the constant improvement of the American car and the facility of distribution of new cars through advertising that keeps the automobile industry at work and its hundreds of thousands of men and women in jobs. Advertising makes jobs

That is the history of everything connected with automobiles—advertised improvements. Shatterproof glass—tell the public about it in an advertisement! Quick-drying automobile finishes perfected—tell the public in an advertisement that the car can stand in the rain all night. Better motor fuels and oils, new antifreeze products, improved car heaters—tell the public how these can make motoring safer and more pleasant.

Major improvements for the benefit of the motoring public have been introduced by each one of the great automobile makers—Buick, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Ford, Oldsmobile, Plymouth, Studebaker, Pontiac, etc. Many of these improvements have now become universally used and looked upon as standard equipment. And so the producers of automobiles keep up the battle to satisfy the consumer—and it is a battle of advertisements.

The automobile is perhaps the best illustration of what advertising can do for the country. Europeans speak of the growth of the American automobile industry as phenomenal. It is not so much the growth of the industry that is significant as the growth of the market for automobiles. That is a product of advertising.

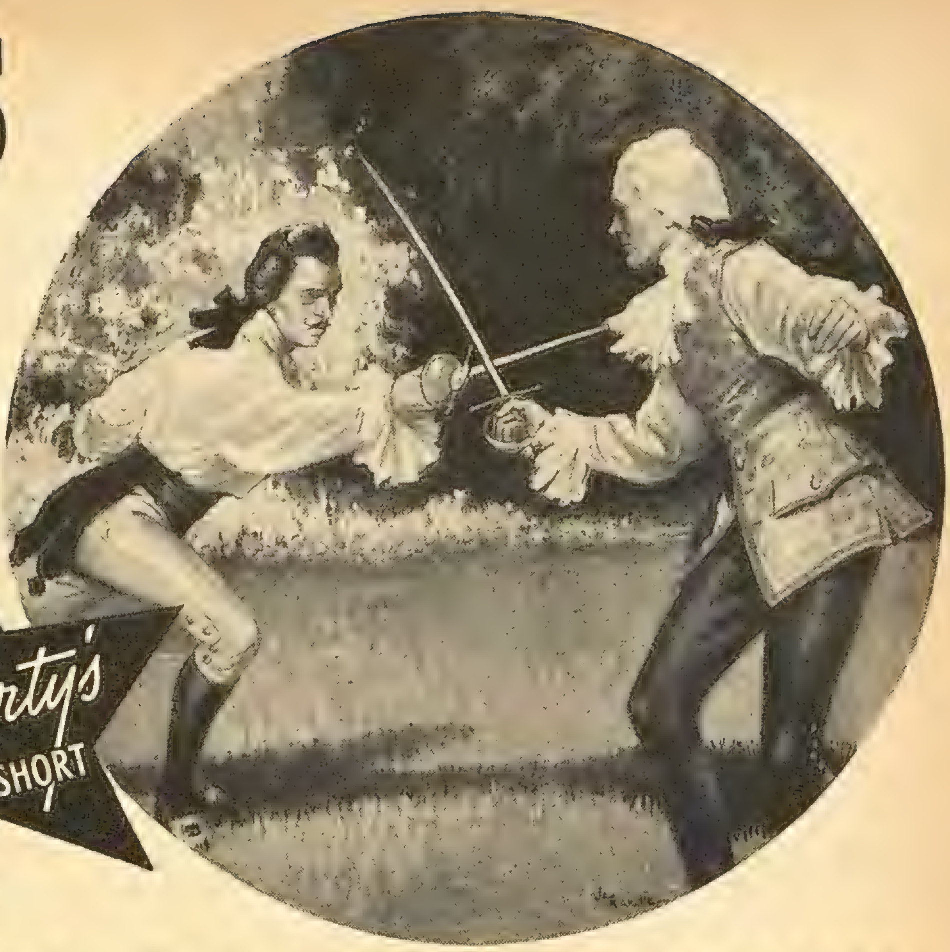
As more cars were purchased, the country demanded better roads. The Lincoln Highway in January, 1914, was still unknown. The Lincoln Highway Association was advertising for support for a "dustless, mudless, skidless highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Today there are 3,068,921 miles of state highways in the United States, 73 per cent of which are surfaced. The character of our nation geographically has been changed with silvery ribbons of concrete roads crossing the continent in every direction. Americans are no longer anywhere limited to the confines of their home towns. They step on it and go anywhere—to Florida, to California, to Maine, along the glorious parkways in New York State, to the unimaginably beautiful National Parks in the West.

The automobile made that possible—and advertising made the automobile possible.

THE END

THE MEANS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY MURRAY RICHARDSON MONTGOMERY

HE did not know who she was—nor did he care. The man with the trim black mustache had slapped her, and that was enough! She was too beautiful to be slapped.

John Slater put on his new cocked hat and stepped out of the rose arbor. He walked briskly across the grass and knocked the man with the mustache sprawling.

"'Tis not manners where I come from to cuff ladies," he said, and blew on his knuckles.

The girl was looking at him out of startled blue. Those eyes went well with red lips and powdered white hair. She was exquisite.

"M'sieur," she said. "But *where* did you come from?"

Slater flushed. He was twenty-eight and one of the ablest young diplomats that the Continental Congress had sent to France. Even Benjamin Franklin, head of the Commission, admitted that. In the present situation it did not seem diplomatic to reveal that he had been spying on her from the concealment of a rose arbor.

"I happened to be passing, mademoiselle," he stammered. "I saw this man come from behind the hedge. I felt you needed assistance."

She was smiling, with her head cocked delightfully. There was a faint elfishness about that smile. "You had better leave, m'sieur," she said. "Le Comte du Boisier is the best sword here at Versailles."

The man on the ground sat up and felt his jaw; then fastened hard eyes on Slater. He got to his feet.

"I trust you can use the blade you carry, m'sieur!"

Slater's hand fell to the hilt of his sword. It trembled a little.

Du Boisier gave the girl a cold black look. "We shall resume our talk about your lover, Charles, later. At present this gentleman and I have a problem to settle. Leave us!"

"You needn't order this lady about," said Slater.

The Count stared. "My wife will obey me, m'sieur."

Slater had a numb feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"The French," Mr. Franklin had told him, "are an unpredictable people. We are here, gentlemen, to enlist King Louis's aid in our revolt against England. Be friendly with the French; be polite, but stay out of their private affairs!"

The Count had the coldest black eyes Slater had ever seen. They glittered as he ran a jeweled finger along his bruised jaw. "This calls for satisfaction," he said.

The American shrugged. He walked over to the marble bench where he had first seen her, and placed his coat and hat on it. When he straightened she was beside him.

"I left my comb and mirror here," she explained.

"They are beside my coat," said Slater. "You had better leave."

"But why? This will be fascinating."

His jaw hardened and he walked away. He pulled out his sword. It was new. He had never used it.

Count du Boisier walked out from the shade of a tree, a lithe figure in his white breeches and silk blouse.

In the center of the lawn they touched blades. Slater had tight lines around his mouth. The Count was smiling. "*En garde!*" he said, and flicked his steel lightly.

Slater moved cautiously. His eyes were icy in their concentration. He moved on the balls of his feet, meeting the Count's play with short ripostes. He was perfectly aware that Du Boisier was good. He wasn't.

The lawn was well rolled, with thirty feet between hedgerows. Slater was grateful for that. Twice the Count had almost pinned him. On both occasions quick retreat over the solid turf had saved him.

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed the girl. She was sitting on the bench, calmly peering into the mirror; fixing her hair.

The Count had started the fight with the sun in his eyes. Perhaps that was why Slater was lasting so long. But now the Frenchman kept forcing the American to the left. In a moment he had reversed their positions.

The sun was blinding Slater. Blades seemed to be leaping in from all sides. The Count pressed him savagely.

Suddenly the Frenchman's face seemed to glow with a white hotness. His blade wavered for a moment. Slater lunged frantically. Du Boisier was dead when he hit the grass, and John Slater's sword was crimson.

He whirled on the girl and caught her placing the mirror, face down, on the bench. "You blinded him," he cried, "with your mirror!"

She seemed mildly interested. "I hated him," she shrugged. "He was a beast. A jealous fool. He meant to fight Charles. I love Charles. He would have killed him."

John Slater stared at her. She pulled his head down and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Thank you, *mon cher,*" she said. She placed a small vial in his hand. "You have prevented me being crude. I won't need this now."

When she had gone, Slater looked at her present.

It was a small vial of poison.

THE END

LIBERTY'S INTERNATIONAL

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS

CONTEST IS PAYING

$2,100

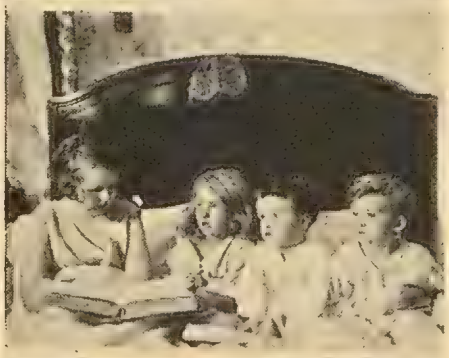
FOR HUMAN-INTEREST PHOTOS

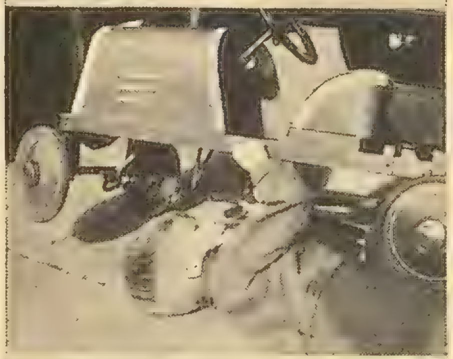
DON'T FAIL TO ENTER THIS WEEK AND CLAIM YOUR SHARE OF THE MANY SUBSTANTIAL CASH AWARDS

FOCUS your camera on one of Liberty's cash prizes this week. If you can go through the mechanics of taking a snapshot even reasonably well, you've an excellent chance to capture a share of the $2,100 Liberty is paying to the amateur camera enthusiasts of the United States and Canada.

It's the subject of your snapshot rather than technical photographic ability that will earn a prize for you. No matter where you live, somewhere in or about your abode you will find a scene of prize-worthy quality. You may be faced with one as you read these words. Make the most of this opportunity to win as much as $150 for a single print. If your own camera is not handy, or if you do not own one, a borrowed camera may prove just as successful. The point is to snap a human-interest picture and get it in for consideration in this week's contest, which closes Monday, December 12.

And bear in mind that you have the opportunity to win in each of the remaining weeks of the contest series. Plan to enter every one of them in order to make the most of the offer of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the complete series of ten weeks. Of course you may send in as many prints as you wish each week, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor in any one week.





Advertisement

Hundreds of Additional Weekly Awards of

MASTER Photo Finishers Blue Ribbon ENLARGEMENTS

To Entrants in this
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS all over the United States and Canada will make these additional awards for the best pictures entered in each locality through their dealers, after which they will be forwarded direct for entry into the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot contest.

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK from and leave your snapshots or films with any photo dealer or drug store whose photo finishing is serviced by a MASTER PHOTO FINISHER.

DEVELOPING

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY

PRINTING

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA

A nation-wide organization giving MASTER photo finishing service to the amateur through the better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

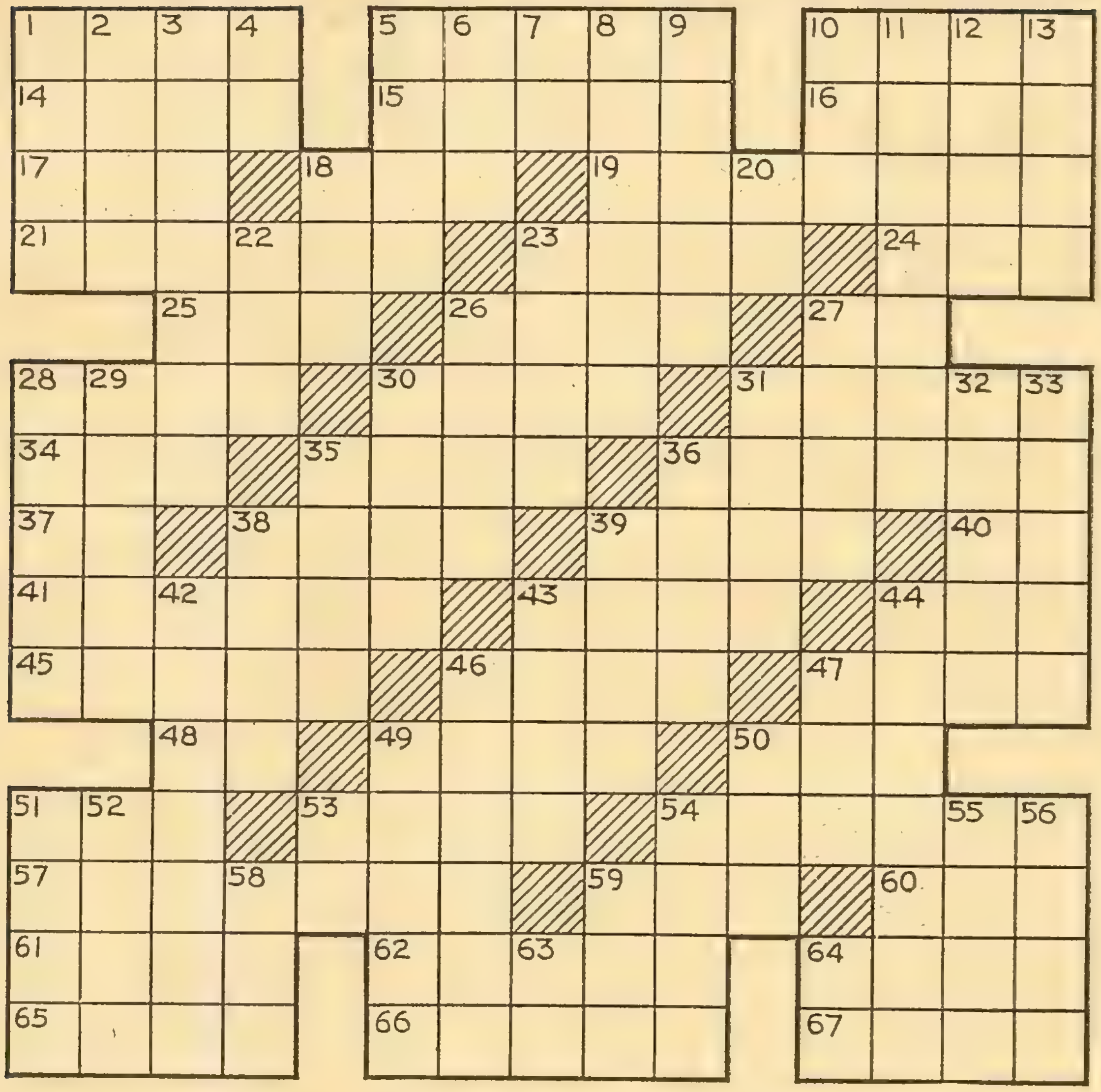
Send no negatives until requested.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

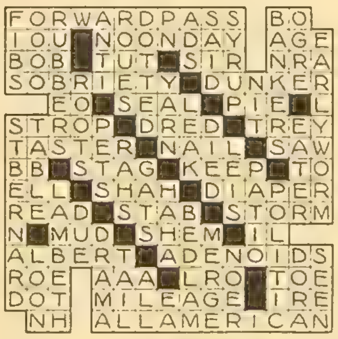
In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Persian ruler
5 Lean, thin
10 Part of a harness
14 Possess
15 Hunter slain by Artemis (myth.)
16 In excess of
17 An area ten meters square
18 Attempt
19 Attendants
21 Woman's nickname
23 Native of Latvia
24 Born
25 One of the component parts of a railroad track
26 A picket
27 Preposition
28 A bird
30 Hawaiian wreaths
31 To stroll
34 A color
35 Permission to use
36 One who resolves a sentence into its elements
37 Form of to be
38 A conveyance
39 Grief
40 Brother of Odin (Norse myth.)
41 Freebooter
43 Cast
44 Sebaceous cyst
45 Metric measure
46 Climbing plant
47 Poet
48 Pronoun
49 Receptacle for holding liquids
50 Head covering



Last week's answer

51 Silkworm
53 Go forth suddenly
54 Fondle
57 Precipitate in drops
59 Pull
60 Tear
61 State to be true
62 A tree
64 River in Siberia
65 An inhabitant of ancient Media
66 Rock
67 Fortified seaport of Arabia

VERTICAL

1 A modern dance
2 Rabbit
3 Avoided
4 Pronoun
5 Sensitive to pain
6 To raise or move
7 Aboreal animal
8 Spurs
9 Growing out
10 Very warm
11 Without veins
12 A pond
13 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
18 Knot
20 A pronoun
22 A metal
23 Reclined
26 Carbonaceous substance
27 A small mountain lake
28 Envelops completely
29 Forgive
30 Learning
31 To imprison
32 On no occasion
33 Inclination in a particular direction
35 Tardy
36 To remove the rind of
38 Responsibility
39 Artificial tinder
42 Surrendered or released, as a claim
43 To allude vaguely
44 Irrigated
46 Low fellow; knave
47 To exclude
49 Soft soapy mineral (pl.)
50 A malicious old woman
51 City in Holland
52 Rend asunder
53 Prefix: twofold
54 Heal
55 Trigonometrical ratio
56 Reach across
58 Italian word meaning three
59 A color
63 Perform
64 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A 10 KEY CALCULATOR FOR FAST MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION

Sturdily built, beautifully designed—thousands of satisfied users throughout the world. Can be operated by any one with a few moments instruction.

Quiet, compact, portable. Demonstrations arranged anywhere in U. S. and Canada. Hand Model **$195.** Electric **$295.**

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ALLEN CALCULATORS, Inc., 22 E. 40th St., New York

REGAIN HEALTH THE Natural WAY!

Stop taking harsh, irritating drugs for rheumatism, neuritis, colds, headaches, stomach and digestive disorders caused or aggravated by constipation. **Drink mineral water**—Nature's product—made right at home by simply adding Crazy Water Crystals to your drinking water. Millions of users will tell you they have been greatly benefited by this wonderful product of old Mother Nature . . .

CRAZY Water CRYSTALS

FREE! Get a package from your druggist today—drink your way to health the natural way.

Write for free booklet containing diet lists, and the amazing story of Nature's wonderful gift to suffering humanity.

CRAZY WATER CO., Dept. N-8, Mineral Wells, Texas

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KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

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A Correspondence Institution

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PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., SALEM, MASS.

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More Thunder Over Kansas City

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Just for the sake of posterity that may dig into some cornerstone generations hence and find there some yellowed copies of Liberty containing the Allhoff story, Thunder Over Kansas City, let's keep the record straight.

Starting the first installment, we find that Thunder, etc., is the inside story of "an epic battle with crime and corruption." Now tell me, just how does the fight that is being waged rate the term "epic"?

For the sake of accuracy, let us say it is more of a halfhearted, poorly managed fight. That is clearly shown by the returns in the city elections, when the machine was returned to office more powerful than ever, even though the vice conditions and evidences of graft were shown in no unmistakable terms through both local newspapers and over the two major radio stations. Although headed by men of unimpeachable character, and given the support of the business men of Kansas City, the Coalition ticket lost by a majority of over 44,000 votes. And even the most ardent machine opponent could not plead fraud at the polls, for Governor Stark had supported the Coalition group and given Kansas City a new and thoroughly honest election board.

Why this loss?

Simply because the entire campaign had been thrown together too hurriedly, and included supposed leaders in the wards who either did nothing on Election Day or turned to the support of the machine. And, to show that we have learned nothing from that experience, practically the same group polled but 16,000 votes, against over 100,000 for the machine, in the Democratic primary election. True, the antimachine Democrats lacked the support of the Republicans in this primary, but even that does not account for even a small fraction of the 60,000 votes lost. So why "epic"?

Then, Mr. Allhoff says that the United States government is fighting the machine. In a sense, this may be true; but the fight is restricted to the vote-fraud issue.

The primary election affected a senatorial office, but no notice was taken of the fact that WPA workers were advised inside the polls, by precinct captains, that they were "cutting their own throats" by voting for the Stark-endorsed candidate for Supreme Court judge.

Now, just one more thing—and I'll bet you've had at least a thousand letters about this. There is no St. John's Hospital in Kansas City, to which Mr. Allhoff states John Lazia was taken after the shooting. He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital. Just a small thing, but I think you'd like to know.

Here's a little item I wonder if Allhoff missed while he was here. It was quite definitely established that the firing pin of the machine gun used in the Union Station massacre left its identifying marks on the cartridges found on the scene of the Lazia shooting! You might check on this.

The findings of the Grand Jury, and some of the things it encountered while trying to get to the bottom of racketeering in Kansas City, have been, to say the least, interesting.

Just thought I'd criticize a bit—and pass along a little information while you're on the subject of the palpitating Heart of America.—*One on the Spot.*

BLONDE NOT IN FAVOR OF MINIMUM WAGES

ANDERSON, S. C.—The minimum-wage law for women, upheld by the Supreme Court, is not fair, in the opinion of one office girl here.

Asked by a reporter whether she approved the decision on minimum wages for women, the blonde replied:

"No; I'm not in favor of minimum wages. They're small enough as it is." —*Calypso O'Keefe.*

STAMP-LICKING OR BOOT-LICKING—WHICH?

BURBANK, CALIF. — *Re* Upton Sinclair's article, $30 Every Thursday (October 22 Liberty):

Dear Vox Poppers, how many of you would prefer *stamp*-licking to boot-licking when you are past fifty? Anyhow, excuse us for living! (But suicide is unconstitutional and immoral.) If you ask me, we oldsters are in a heck of a dilemma in this modern "civilized" world!

The stamp-licking line forms to the right, please, and the boot-licking to the left. Where do you stand?—*G. E. Bodle.*

WHICH SHORT SHORT WAS BEST IN 1938?

WEEHAWKEN, N. J.—How often I wished some one would write just such a story as A Letter I Promised I Would Write (October 15 Liberty), and I was more than pleased when I read Mr. Lengel's. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed it. I've read it and reread it until I know it by heart.

You see, I lost a very dear friend in a plane crash—a stewardess. She too was in love with some one she met on her plane, but her happiness was short-lived.

I sincerely hope that when the Liberty judges make their final decision for the Short Short Story of 1938, William C. Lengel, author of this one, is right on top.—*Jo-Ann Evans.*

[Which Short Short in the past year was the best in your opinion, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Vox Popper? Come on, vote for your favorite, and do it soon. Not much time left!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LET PARADISE KATE FIND HER SON!

SCOTIA, CALIF.—Will you please continue Paradise Kate and give her some happiness in life? Let her find her son again who makes up for all her troubles. I have been very interested in all the stories written by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot and hope they will write more.—*Mrs. W. C. Hodgson.*

LIVING UP TO HER NAME

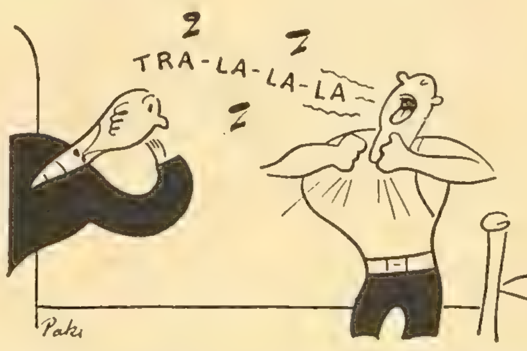
ARLINGTON, VA.—Elizabeth Martell (October 22 Vox Pop) is certainly living up to her name. Descended, no doubt, from Charles Martel (the Hammer). Boy! can she knock?

Can you visualize her enduring "trouser tyranny"? That's your pair she has on now.—*W. D. Groesbeck.*

GROUCHES, POUND YOUR CHESTS AND BE HAPPY

CHICAGO, ILL.—The thymus is located in about the center of the chest. Get acquainted with it. Get it going! We may have been told to have faith, or to cheer up and don't feel so downhearted, but that does not help us in the least. But let us be told and shown how to stir, arouse, awaken the thymus to renewed activity, then in two or three days' time, often the next day, we will feel cheerful in spite of ourselves.

Hence this is what we are duty bound to do, i. e., have in mind some lively tune, and to it apply the words tra-la-la-la as we sing, and at the same time we beat and pound our chest with our fists in a lively manner, once, twice, or three times a day for the space of three minutes. And, lo and behold, in a day or two we actually find ourselves whistling, singing, stepping livelier.

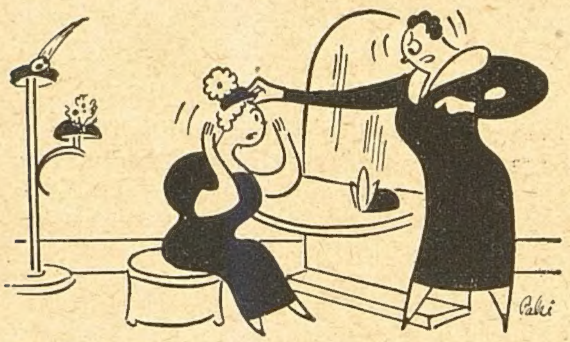


We feel more faith and have confidence in ourselves. In most adults this thymus is half dead or shriveled up—so much so that they are grouches, pests, gloomy.—*John G. McGregor.*

"I WOULDN'T WEAR IT TO A DOGFIGHT"

NEW BEDFORD, MASS. — Enjoyed Blanche K.'s story of the cinnamon bun in October 15 Vox Pop. I would like to tell you of the day my face was red.

My sister and I went shopping for new hats, and had become thoroughly disgusted with the crazy-looking things we saw. Each one I tried on looked more ridiculous than the one before. Finally, with one perched on my head, I turned to a girl beside me whom I took for a saleslady, and said, "Any one who would wear this would be goofy. I wouldn't wear it to a dogfight!"



The girl very calmly replied, "Sorry you don't admire my hat; but it so happens that I do, and I am not goofy, nor do I attend dogfights."

My face was not exactly red but more like Joseph's coat of many colors.—*M. E.*

"A NATION-WIDE DEMAND FOR THE RESIGNATION OF MADAM PERKINS"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial (October 22 Liberty) calling for the resignation of Madam Perkins is straight to the point. I have been fighting that dame since the sit-down of the Detroit strike. The strikers paid no attention whatever to Sis Perkins, so she commenced to cry, gathered up her dolls, and returned to Washington.

I am fighting Franklin D. Roosevelt from every corner. He has given us the only damnable and iniquitous administration this country has ever had, and I am saying that as a Democrat from the time of Grover Cleveland.—*W. J. Dermott.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have read the editorial A Nation-Wide Demand for the Resignation of Madam Perkins. I cannot conscientiously agree.

When man's world began to crumble in 1929, men became alarmed and confused. A woman was given the difficult job of handling labor. Women have often been the pack horse of the universe—when men can't handle a matter, they find some woman to blame.

Considering the circumstances, Miss Perkins did her job to the best of her ability. I do not believe she favors Communists or that she can be blamed for so many ills—including the alien matter.

With what she had to handle and the material she had to work with, I should say no man could have done better—surely they have done worse!—*Eleanor H. Nedwick.*

LIBERTY'S WISECRACK CONTEST

EDGERTON, MO.—

"Two live as cheap as one?" I groaned.
  "This contest staggers me!"
I racked my brain; I sighed; I moaned.
  But it was up to me.

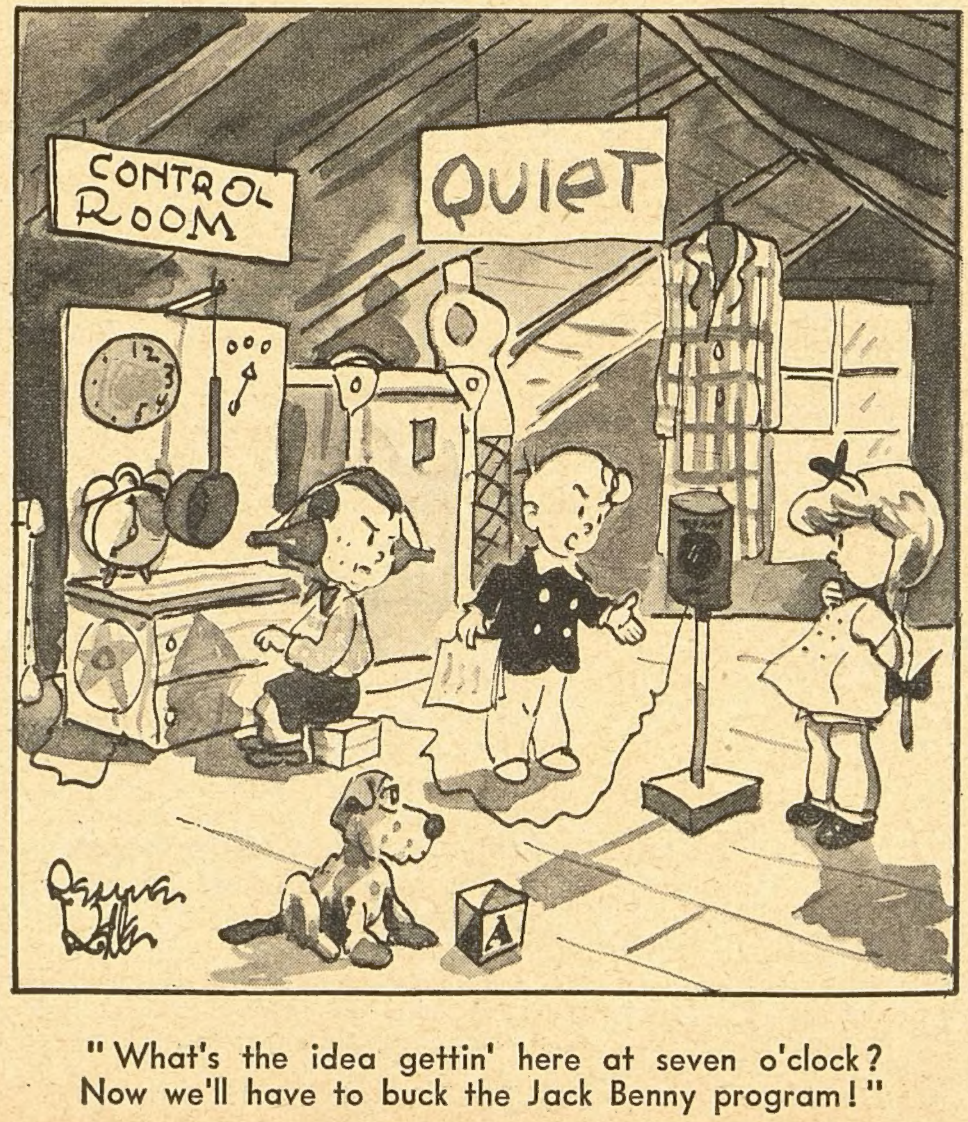
A wisecrack answer I must find.
  Whatever could it be?
Then bang! It popped into my mind.
  I scribbled frantically:

"By living on a tropic isle
  Where fruit and fish are free,
Where 'birthday suits' are all the style,
  And bread grows on a tree."

"Why did the chicken cross the road?
  The cow jump o'er the moon?"
I know I'll tear my hair and rave
  If I can't solve this soon!

I thought up wisecracks day and night;
  It made of me a wreck.
But it was worth the effort, 'cause
  I got 'em all, by heck!
—*Edith Martha Neill.*

"HARDTACK"

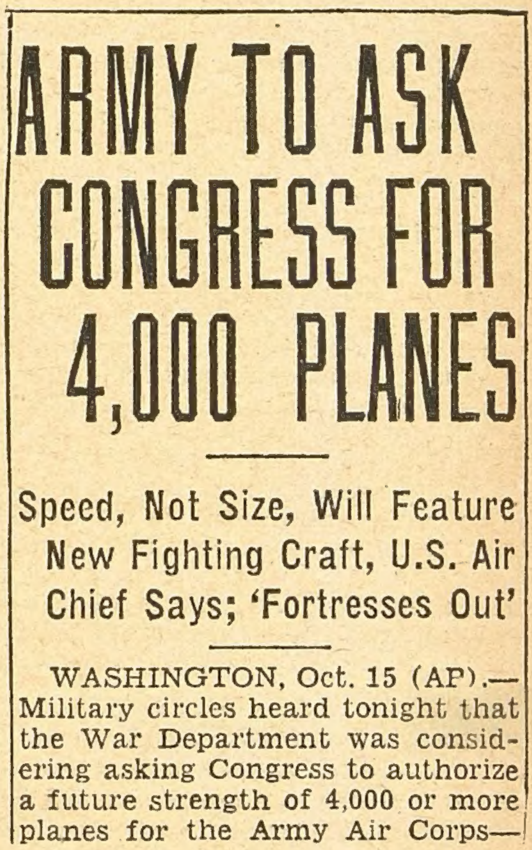


"What's the idea gettin' here at seven o'clock? Now we'll have to buck the Jack Benny program!"

AIRPLANE ARTICLE AROUSES THE WAR DEPARTMENT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ten days after October 15 Liberty's Why We Need 4,000 Airplanes was on the newsstands, the War Department takes notice.

See enclosed clipping. Keep it going, Liberty! You are leading.—*R. L. Bullard.*



ARMY TO ASK CONGRESS FOR 4,000 PLANES

Speed, Not Size, Will Feature New Fighting Craft, U.S. Air Chief Says; 'Fortresses Out'

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15 (AP).—Military circles heard tonight that the War Department was considering asking Congress to authorize a future strength of 4,000 or more planes for the Army Air Corps—

RHYME THAT DIDN'T JELL

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Stanley Paul should buy a rhyming dictionary.

Slogan wanted, according to his story, I'm in Love with Your Girl (October 22 Liberty), was something to rhyme with "Gypsy Jell."

The slogan suggested by Ken and submitted by nurse Smitty, i. e., "I'm full of bliss and joy and glee—it's the strawberry Gypsy Jell in me!" surely does not rhyme with "Gypsy Jell."—*A New Reader.*

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS BRAIN TEASER OF 1800?

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—Here is a mathematical riddle that dates back to 1800, but it still indicates something for which most men and lots of women would travel far, I am led to believe.

Three parts of a cross; a
  circle complete;
A perpendicular where two
  semicircles meet;
A right-angle triangle
  standing on feet;
Two semicircles and a circle complete.

What is it?—*Adeline Leonard.*

Enough to Make Your Flesh Creep

WE WONDER if you will feel as horrified as did we when we learned the facts about Hitler's latest weapon in frightfulness.

Long before affidavits about the "mystery bomb" came into our possession, we had been hearing rumors about a new type of missile, an explosive contraption so abominable as to paralyze the imagination. At first we did not believe the rumors. All writers are familiar with grotesque reports that vanish if you touch them. But this rumor was especially persistent. One English friend solemnly told us that Chamberlain's capitulation to the dictators was due more to this unknown bomb than to any other single influence. That, we were sure, was an exaggeration. But by this time we felt that the story should be investigated.

Finally we obtained what purported to be a full statement of the facts—facts fit to make the flesh creep and the blood to crawl. Yes, there actually was such a bomb. The details of its construction and chemical content were explained to us. We met the inventors—two Americans!

Their story—and they have sworn to it—is that they offered an aerial torpedo which embodied some of the same principles to the U. S. Army, which turned it down. Later they were approached by Germans who suggested a bomb using these basic designs. So that's how Hitler got it. That, at least, is their story, and next week they will tell it to you as they have told it to us—the story of a new hell-gadget, incomparably destructive—of how it was first tried out by insurgent flyers and bomb-droppers on the helpless women and children of Barcelona; and how it wrought havoc there but was never used again. Why? Not because any government had an attack of conscience and felt it was too wicked to use. Not at all! The reason for its withdrawal was that it was too effective to waste in such a little campaign; why run the risk of losing the secret to rival Powers? Save it for bigger game! Yes, surely, a story to make the flesh creep!

WE ARE GLAD to say that not all the contents of your next Liberty strike such a solemn note. There are two wonderful short stories that are going to give you a pleasant dose of laughter and excitement. For example, do you know what is a pantechnicon?

That's a perfectly good word, and it occurs in the title of Lyon Mearson's romance, LOVE IN A PANTECHNICON. You will also want to read UNDER QUANTRELL'S BLACK FLAG, by Frank Gruber, a moving yarn with a startling surprise in its last line. You probably will enjoy THE MAN IN GRACIE ALLEN'S LIFE, by Frederick L. Collins; and every sport fan will like IS JOE LOUIS GOING SOFT? by Willis N. ("Jersey") Jones, who ought to know.

On a more serious note is an astonishing contribution from Max Eastman. Nowadays Max Eastman writes best sellers about laughter and delights a large audience on the radio with one of the best of quiz programs. But in olden times Max was a thorn in the side of the conservatives because he hobnobbed with Bolsheviks. We don't know just what is happening to our old radical friends, but all of them seem to be seeing the light. The spectacle of Upton Sinclair denouncing the $30-Every-Thursday plan in Liberty recently enchanted the American people. Now comes the good gray Max Eastman with a much more important article which he calls STALINISM BECOMES FASCISM. You could spend the next year of your life listening to denunciations of Communism and the "Red network" in our domestic affairs from speakers of the American Legion, United States Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, and a thousand other anti-Communist agencies; but, among them all, you would not hear a more bitter or competent denunciation of Soviet Russia and our domestic radicals than the one which Max Eastman brings you next week. If ever there was a surprise political feature, this is it.

THERE WILL BE many other interesting features, and we wish we had space to tell you about them all. But this little story you must hear. Some weeks ago we had a letter from a convict in an Eastern penitentiary. "I am a six time loser. . . ." is the way he began his letter. Now he is to be a prisoner for the rest of his life. In his letter he went on eloquently to tell why, in his opinion, he was permanently caged up. His diagnosis of his own case was important—if it were correct—because it pointed out a condition with which society should deal. We sent the convict's letter to our good friend, James V. Bennett, Director of the Bureau of Prisons, in Washington, and we asked Mr. Bennett what he thought of this prisoner's diagnosis. In a long and remarkable reply, Mr. Bennett said that the prisoner was right. So next week we publish, by permission, and side by side, the letter from the convict and the letter from the Federal Director of the Bureau of Prisons. Here, fellow Americans, is democracy in open operation before your eyes. Look to the other countries of the world and ask yourself: Could any prisoner in a German concentration camp, an Italian penal island, or a Japanese hoosegow write a letter criticizing the way things are in the country and have that letter read by a high government penal authority—much less have the authority agree with him—and then see the whole correspondence published?

No! Only in the United States could that happen. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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High-tension times are hard on nerves

BEAGLE HOUND—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

He's giving his nerves a rest . . .

and so is he

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up —rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's *costlier* tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

People who know the sheer joy of an active, effective life say:

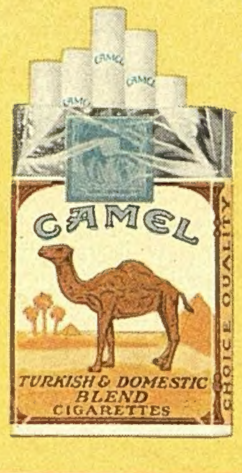
"Let up—light up a Camel!"

COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Errickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Errickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."

DID YOU KNOW:

—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods—which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



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Let up—*Light up a Camel*

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Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves